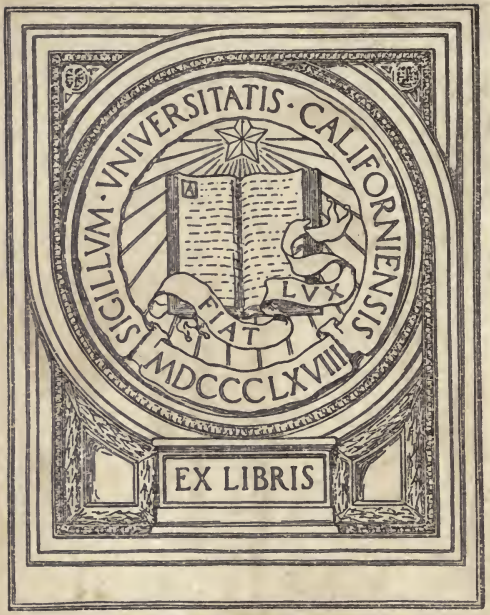

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Calabazas

or Musing Recollections of an Arizona City.

JAMES · CABELL · BROWN

ILLUSTRATED

SAN FRANCISCO NEWS COMPANY

WESTERN AGENTS

VALLEAU & PETERSON, PUBLISHERS AND PRINTERS,
410 Sansome St., San Francisco, Cal.

CALABAZAS

— OR —

AMUSING RECOLLECTIONS

— OF —

AN ARIZONA "CITY"

— BY —

J. CABELL BROWN

ILLUSTRATED WITH ORIGINAL DRAWINGS

Published by
VALLEAU & PETERSON, PRINTERS AND PUBLISHERS,
410 Sansome St., San Francisco.

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PREFACE.

In picture, poem, and prose has the stranger in the far west been caricatured and ridiculed as the "Tenderfoot" victim of that dangerous compound of whiskers, whisky, dynamite, and death known as the "Bad-man."

To the reader, this book will show that the average western "Bad-man" is not nearly so dangerous as is the California flea or the Hoboken bed-bug; that he can use his legs to good advantage in certain contingencies, and that his reputation for being phenominally wide awake, is a figment of his brain, or at least exaggerated.

Every incident herein related was an actual occurrence, and somewhat similar ones are within the experience of most western pioneers. Should they serve to amuse the reader, the author will have attained his purpose,

J. Cabell Brown.

Oakland, Cal., 1892.

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DEDICATED
TO A
PIONEER OF THE WEST,
MY
ESTEEMED FRIEND,
HENRY P. BOWIE, ESQ.,
OF
SAN FRANCISCO.

CALABAZAS

CALABAZAS.

ITS LOCATION—ITS SURROUNDINGS—ITS RISE—ITS INDUSTRIES—ITS SOCIETY—ITS IMPRESSIVE HOSPITALITY—WHY ITS PEOPLE MOVED TO THE LINE.

If a person seeking valuable and interesting information will take a map and pass his finger down the center of Arizona until at a point where the boundary line dividing the United States from Mexico diverges from an east and west direction, to one running northwesterly until it meets the Colorado River, he will see near the diverging point a dot marked, Calabazas [English gourds or squashes.] This dot is the location, and Calabazas is the name of the town; a town with a short history, it is true; a history not widely known, but none the less interesting and eventful. By seeking further he will see that it lies at the junction of two railroads—on the map—that it is on the banks of the Santa Cruz River, and the astonishing additional fact, that the said river has neither source nor outlet.

Calabazas is, what is left of it, near the head of the

Santa Cruz Valley. At this point the river carried no water excepting after heavy storms. It was just as well, for the Calabazans, present or prospective, never bathed, and, without exception, were total abstainers—from water.

The valley at Calabazas was about a quarter of a mile wide. Opposite the town site a small valley, or cañon debouched, down whose rocky bottom a railroad was being built. To the southwest were seen the mountains forming the boundary between Mexico and the United States, between which and the town laid extensive "mesas," or elevated table-lands, that ended in low bluffs overlooking the dry river bed. Half a mile south of the town a small ridge jutted out from the mesas, almost entirely closing the valley. At the point of this ridge was a dense, green patch of small Cottonwood trees. Thence to the boundary line ten miles distant, called, through this region, "The Line," are a series of low hills and small valleys.

The land upon which Calabazas stood was the property of the Calabazas Land and Mining Company, the town being a newly born child of the same Company. The C. L. & M. Company claimed all the earth from the Mexican boundary to as far north, east, and west as they conveniently or safely could. Unless some one found a mine or spring, there was none to dispute their title, for the land was valueless except in proximity to water. A railroad was projected to run from Tucson down the valley. It is still projected.

Calabazas had for neighbors, Tubac, an ancient aboriginal and Mexican village of not more than thirty people, about twenty miles north, with whom it

had a feud, and Nogales, situated just over the line, consisting of a highly esteemed mescal distillery, and the Mexican Custom House buildings.

I hope it will not be assumed that Calabazas was an aggregation of iron and stone warehouses filled with luxuries for its inhabitants, or that the hum of its crowded streets was to be heard for miles away, or that the residence streets were lined with shade trees, or that the mansions of the aristocracy were embowered in tropical flowers, or that its society was divided into 'four hundreds.' Such would be doomed to poignant disappointment.

Calabazas City, as I found it, consisted of the foundation of a prospective hotel which was known sarcastically, as the "Hotel Futurity." A small frame building used as a country store and post office, with that wonderful assortment of cheap and varied wares never seen but in country stores, and a small brick house of two stories, one room to each story, the lower floor of which was used as a saloon, the upper one as the United States Custom House, and residence of the collector of the port and his staff of assistants, all comprised in the person of one—Drinkwater—an inspector reporting to the El Paso collector. Attached to this building was a brick "corral" [cattle pen,] having a large gate in front, and also an entrance from the saloon. This corral was used as a stable, a place in which to secure stock during Indian raids, and a fort from which to repulse the raiders.

The saloon room had a door and window in one of the longer sides facing the road. It was furnished with a dilapidated cook stove, a pine counter, eight

or ten poisonous looking bottles, a few various sized, dirty glasses, a tin quart measure for water, several boxes for seats, and a barkeeper with unkempt hair, stubby beard, and a piratical breath. He was shod with dusty, cowhide boots, into the legs of which were stuffed the bottoms of a pair of faded overalls. He wore a dirty blue flannel shirt, open at the throat, exposing an equally dirty skin underneath. His head was covered with an old rust colored felt hat, the brim of which was tilted up behind and pulled down in front, a very fashionable and taking style of wearing the hat in such towns, being a sign occipital that the wearer is not stuck up, and has all the chivalry necessary for shooting any enemy he gets the "drop on." A couple of revolvers hung at his waist. The saloon was isolated from the room above by exposed floor joists overlaid with a shrunken, unmatched pine floor.

The upper room, from which the building took the name of Custom House, was approached by a set of rickety outside stairs, that ended at a landing and door directly over the saloon door. A window in the wall at each gable end admitted light.

The room was in keeping with our republican simplicity. In its center stood a pine table containing one drawer. Upon the table was a dusty ink bottle, two or three rusty pens, a pack of dirty playing cards, a few soiled blank forms, a "Mescal" [Mexican whisky] bottle and a goblet, which, having no foot, was reversed, showing that the user was a person well informed as to the social usage in high-toned clubs on festive occasions. A couple of rough boards, supported by hay rope, hung from the ceiling joists. These

shelves held the library, blanks and records. A number of boxes, used as chairs, stood around the room. A disreputable looking oak chair, with a bottom made from one-half of a barrel head, was the official throne. The official couch, consisting of a very mangy moss mattress and a blanket seedy enough to plant, were rolled together and stood in one corner.

Hanging on the wall was a large map of Calabazas. Upon it was depicted a flourishing city. Great hotels towered up from the business thoroughfares—in black letters. Church steeples pierced the air in—blue letters. Handsome private residences graced the streets —in yellow letters. Palatial public edifices, and monuments, surrounded by parks, occupied squares—in red letters. Splendid avenues—in green letters, and double rows of black lines indicated street railways—in shaded letters.

On the map, Calabazas was many square miles in area, with presumably a large population; whereas the sole street was the stage road from Tucson to Hermosillo, Mexico, and five living souls comprised the entire white population,—Drinkwater, the saloon keeper, the store keeper, Crandall, the land agent, and myself.

In the suburbs (?) a quarter of a mile away, lived a few Chinese who had been making brick. Their time was now devoted to gambling and cutting railroad ties or cord wood in the adjoining scantily wooded gulches.

Near the town were scattered a few blasted Cottonwood trees, leafless and whitened by storm. These answered the purpose of telegraph poles in sudden emergencies, which were not infrequent later. Shal-

low wells supplied the little water needed for animals.

Calabazas bade fair to remain as it was, for it could never possibly live up to that gorgeous map. As a health resort, it would hardly be selected, though no one had ever died there, its citizens were too lazy to draw their last breath. It was a good place in which to take a Turkish bath, for the sun beat down with an intensity unequalled elsewhere; but to perspire in Calabazas was a shocking waste of whisky. Invalids requiring a low diet might have come, if they could have survived the trip—they certainly would have found the diet low enough. It might have been utilized as a burial place for the millionaire dead. In its climate and alkaline soil the bodies would have been incorruptible, and an incorruptible millionaire, dead or alive, would be worth a pilgrimage to see.

My arrival, as a permanency, was viewed with much suspicion, until a few days intercourse convinced the older residents that I was not a detective, revenue officer, or a special agent. For a small monthly stipend paid Drinkwater, I was permitted to call the southeast corner of the Custom House room my bedchamber, and there roll up in my blankets; the pack of cards, the table desk and the goblet were at my command. I could quench my eccentric thirst at the saloon "olla" [pronounced oya] a porous and cooling unglazed jar used for holding drinking water, or was welcome to draw all the water I chose from the well. Occasionally my own soap and towel were at my service; I could import mescal from the Line, duty free, if I divided equally with Drinkwater, and could borrow my shaving tools when not in use by my towns-

men. I could make coffee or tea on the bar-room stove, if enough was made for all hands, and in fact, I was taken to their hearts as one of themselves. The tri-weekly stage, which was a "buck-board," [an Arizona instrument of torture,] brought the mail and stray travelers.

One morning the deadly dullness of our life was varied by a Mexican, who rushed in to say he had been attacked by Apache Indians who had tried to shoot him with a cannon. Drinkwater immediately secured his bottle of mescal and bottomless goblet, the corral gates were locked, and citizens, arming themselves, gathered in the saloon to protect it from the wily Apache.

Several hours passing and no attack, it was considered safe to reconnoitre; the Mexican stepped out of the door, and as quickly stepped back, saying that the Indians had the cannon pointed at the Custom House. This report made us quite nervous until we reasoned one with another, and decided that conceding the Apache to be a holy terror, ubiquitous, and continually doing impossible things, still it was rather out of the usual course for Indians to pack around a cannon to commit murderous assaults with. We concluded to *all* go out and take a look; we did so, and in solid phalanx advanced upon the torrid Apaches, who in thisinstance were surveyors, and the dreaded cannon a theodolite. They certainly looked as dirty as Indians. After a banquet on mescal and cigars from the saloon, we smoked the pipe of peace, and were informed that the laborers were now grading for the railroad down the cañon.

Calabazas soon felt the increased prosperity brought about by the proximity of the railroad builders. Crandall had no longer a sinecure, and Drinkwater began wearing paper collars as became a Government official. The stage came laden each trip with settlers, or those having business with the railroad company. Three wideawake and enterprising Chinamen; Cum Sing, Hi Sing, and Lo Sing, purchased a lot next to the Custom House and erected the "Palace Hotel." The hotel was a large wall tent of cotton duck, floored with rough pine boards and divided into two rooms by a canvas partition. The rear one was the kitchen, and the front the dining-room. The latter was furnished with a half-dozen small oilcloth covered tables, having benches on either side. There was one table on which high priced delicacies were served. Around this were set, in Queen Ann style, four common oak chairs. At the earnest request of the aristocracy of the town a private dining saloon was partitioned off in one corner of the large room. The walls of this were of thin cotton cloth secured to the roof with pins and to the floor with tacks. The doors of the hotel were of canvas, locked and barred each night with pins or mesquit thorns.

Hi Sing and Lo Sing were in charge of the kitchen. Cum Sing was manager, butler, steward, waiter, bouncer, and general utility man, for which he was well fitted, being a large man, and of ingratiating speech. He carried himself very rakishly; gambled, swore and drank whisky like a "Mellican;" had a contempt for "tenderfeet," and was very kind-hearted.

The sleeping and dining room of the hotel was one and the same. Tired customers who had blankets to roll up in, could sleep on the floor free of charge, and they were grateful for the privilege. Barring the hotel cats that secreted themselves or slept during the heat of the day, and confined their rambles and fights, courtships and yowling to the dining room at night, the lodgers slept soundly and were satisfied with the privacy.

The bill of fare was in keeping with the hotel's general appearance, the locality, and the customs of the country. Flapjacks, and syrup, bacon and frijoles, pronounced "freholis [beans,]" were staples. Oleomargarine or "bull-butter" was plentiful. The soup abounded in mystery and the hash in artfulness. The bacon had no more lean than is found in whale's blubber. The beans were cooked "*en masse*" once a week, and warmed up for the daily meals; should they, during the week, become soured by the warm weather and close imprisonment, their tempers were placated with soda allopathically administered. Many painful experiences were had with these beans after they had been sweetened to the taste, but their other bad qualities not eliminated. It was not Calabazas etiquette to use a knife on the butter, it being more convenient and fashionable to pour it over the bread from a spoon, for the temperature of the hotel was seldom below the boiling point. Milk was to be had from a condensed cow. If the proprietors had a prosperous week, canned tomatoes assisted in making a ravishing Sunday dinner. In the private room the rarest bric-a brac ironstone ware decorated the tables.

In the large room the service was of tin, which could be readily straightened out after any personal difficulty or encounter between the guests.

The Palace Hotel was the abode of a fat, haughty, somnolent fly, who, after a short sojourn in our midst, became so discouraged and rancorous that he was forever recklessly suiciding in the debilitated soup, the relaxed butter, or the viscid molasses. His body was embalmed in the mustard, and his person enriched the tea and coffee. He ornamented the ceilings, the walls and the tables, in bunches, festoons and wreaths. His constant, unvarying hum was heard by day and by night, above the din of the diners, and above the love songs of the cats; his eternal buzz assailed the ear unceasingly. This species of fly was only possible to Calabazas, an experience with him was an education in cuss words.

Large wall tents were erected upon the choicer lots adjacent to the Custom House and store; it is hardly necessary to say that these were, without exception, the home of the illusive faro chips and the enlivening whisky. The more aristocratic tents and those in the fashionable part of town, bore such titles as "Rest for the Weary," "The Golden Fleece," "The Pantheon," "The Bank Exchange," or "The Coliseum." Their proprietors wore white shirts, initialed, ivory sleeve buttons, massive oroide watches and chains, and ivory handled pistols and bowie-knives. The owners of these refreshment places and the dealers of their games were the souls of Calabazas honor. They constituted the upper stratum of Calabazas society, and faro chips on their games passed as current coin.

The Calabazas gamblers and saloon men were characteristic ones of the far West. They would express unbounded affection for each other one moment, and the very next, in a quarrel over some trivial matter, use one another for targets. Of course the survivor would pay all of the funeral expenses with no niggardly hand, and, if possible, employ a brass band to express, with trombone and bass drum, the intensity of his grief over his dead friend. At the funeral he would be chief mourner—out on bonds, or in charge of a deputy sheriff—and would bemoan the fate that Jack or Bill had brought upon himself by being "too fresh" to reach for, or too slow in drawing his gun from the hip. On one occasion a "Sport," at the risk of his life, saved that of his chum or "Pard." In talking of the occurrence, the saved friend, uneducated save in cards and shooting, said, in blood-curdling language, "I haven't never saw anything as nervy as Bill's throwing up Bob's pistol hand." Bill was an educated man, and his ears had audibly cracked at this exhibition of his "Pard's" grammar. He, in a friendly way corrected him. This was taken as offensive. To mollify him Bill tried the universal panacea of asking the crowd up to drink, and all accepted but his chum. Bill then asked why he did not drink, make friends or fight. The offended man without a word, gently slapped Bill's face with his finger tips, and both reached for their weapons. As quick as thought two shots were fired, and the ungrammatical man lay dead, while his former friend laid by his side mortally wounded. To be grammatical, in Calabazas, was to covet death.

They had no mercy on the enemy on whom they fortunately had the "drop," and feared no one but the enemy who unfortunately had the "drop" on them. This "drop" being the unpleasant predicament one was in who, unarmed or unready to shoot during a quarrel, was consequently forced to view the bullets cuddled up in the chambers of his enemy's revolver, well knowing that if the finger on the trigger should be crooked, fatal results would ensue. It was customary for the gentleman having the "drop" to give as a preliminary to the final act, a very farcical rendition, to outsiders, of the intensity of his feelings toward his helpless enemy. For any one to have had the "drop" on them was the cause of many wakeful nights, and the drinking of many cocktails, until the "drop" was returned with interest.

They detested nothing so much as deception. Should a man call for a drink and have no money with which to pay, it would insure him a bullet or broken head; yet, if he said he was "broke" and wanted a "bracer" none of the better class would refuse him. They would have felt disgraced in their own estimation did they do so. "Any man was liable to be broke, but let him say so, like a man."

By some strange anomaly these people could not, unmoved, see human suffering, unless they were angry—always a fierce uncontrolled anger—nor could they hear of suffering without pecuniarily trying to relieve it. They were a strange compound of whims and fancies, and, under their varying impulses, were capable of the most generous and brave, or the meanest and most cowardly acts. A church— that they

would sooner drink water than enter—would be amply subscribed for, irrespective of creed; and public improvements or holiday celebrations were generously contributed to.

In New Mexico and Arizona, strange to say, the most deadly ruffians were seldom over twenty-five years of age; very many not over eighteen or twenty. One that was scarcely twelve years old had quite a reputation, and was responsible for the conduct of two extra heavy revolvers, and a bowie-knife large enough for a hay scythe. Each of these desperadoes had his pistol handle notched for the men actually, or presumably killed by its owner. Their instincts were cowardly, and their delight was to abuse women or impose on civil, quiet persons. Upon the fears of such they played, until successful bluffing and continual practice with their recklessly handled weapons, gave them the necessary courage to clinch their, record by assassinating some defenceless person, when assured of escape.

The generic name for these youths of evil fame, throughout the Territories was "Kid." As Calabazas increased in population, they became nearly as common as the almost equally annoying Calabazas fly. A new comer, to whom the honors were shown, would, at a cost for refreshments of from twenty-five cents to one dollar an acquaintance, be introduced to "New Mexican Kids," "Wyoming Kids," "Arizona Kids," "Colorado Kids," "Texas Kids," and such a variety of other kids, that he would be so bewildered between the effects of vile whisky and the Kid introductions,

as to come to the conclusion that in Calabazas he had struck a human goat ranche.

The genus "kid" wore his hair long, and in curls upon his shoulder in cow-boy or scout fashion; had an incipient moustache, and sported a costume made of buckskin ornamented with fringe, tassels, and strings of the same material—the dirtier the better. His head was covered with a cow-boy's hat of phenomenal width of brim, having many metal stars, half moons, etc., around the crown. Upon his feet he wore either moccasins or very high heeled, stub toed boots, and an enormous pair of spurs, with little steel balls that jingled at each step. Buckled around his waist would be a cartridge belt holding two carefully sighted revolvers, and a bone handled bowie-knife in his boot leg, completed his dress. He was invariably the proud owner of a "cayuse" horse and Mexican saddle, a bridle with reins of plaited hair, and a "riata" [lariat] tied behind the saddle. The "cayuse" was never far from his master, for when that gentleman wanted a horse he wanted him badly; either to escape from a worse man than himself, or to escape the consequences of having killed one.

The arrival of the stage coach was a deliriously joyful event, for all of the new comers had to be carefully questioned and their reasons for coming summed up. The motive for his visit being shown, if one would attend to his own business, dissipate a little so as not to appear mean, and accept their rough jokes or horse play in a proper and *safe* spirit, he would not only get along, but would make some friends who would stand by him, should the fact of his being quiet or not carry-

ing a weapon, be taken advantage of by some "rustler" or "bluffer," to make a bad man's record by picking a quarrel with him.

At first, Calabazas was so quiet that Drinkwater's sprees were a relief, and his presence welcome. After the papers had been read, cards assisted in killing time. Each evening we indulged in games of poker (in which the stakes ran up to several thousands of dollars, represented by matches), until compelled, for comfort's sake, to extinguish the gnat-attracting lamp. Then, till the cool of morning, the sound of muttered oaths and spasmodic, ineffectual slaps would be wafted on the suffocating night air, as we battled with the bloodthirsty, voracious gnats that made night sleepless.

Very often, while having a game of cards in the Custom House, we would hear the gentle song of the Winchester bullet as it came in at one window and went out the other, some gentleman of humorous turn having fired at the lamp chimney for the purpose of "joshing" Drinkwater and myself. Quite often the report of the rifle was followed by the sound of shattering glass and a stygian darkness in the room. This, when an expert was at the other end of the rifle. Using the lamp for a target became so common that we found it dangerous to have a light, unless we moved the table into one of the corners where the bullet would have to pierce a brick wall before it could do any damage. Sometimes, when a particularly active game of cards was progressing in the saloon below, a dispute would arise as to the ownership of the "pot." Should the excitement become intense, bullets would presently come meandering up through the Custom

House floor, very much to the disturbance of our peace of mind.

The bloods of the town would, toward morning, when business was slack, make social calls at each others saloons. Parties of these would drift into our saloon, and, occasionally, to show their good fellowship or high esteem, they would hail and desire me to come down and join them. Should the hail not be immediately answered, a few bullets would be jocularly sent crashing through the upper floor to expedite matters. Matters would invariably be expedited. With a series of appalling yells hurtling from my throat, I would hasten to the saloon, half dressed, pale and trembling, to be pulled to the bar by their friendly hands, while they cracked jokes concerning the mailing of an invitation from a revolver, and of how much quicker than the telegraph it brought an answer, with much more badinage to the same effect. That they were informed by Drinky as to the corner in which my bed was made, and fired into opposite corners, accounts for my having sustained no injuries other than to my nerves. These hospitalities could not be avoided. To sleep on the ground or from under cover, insured catching the prevalent ague, and a tent would have afforded no more privacy, nor as much protection from vagrant bullets. The Calabazans dearly loved the sound of pistol shots, and when not firing volleys into each other, were filling the air with random bullets.

One night I returned from a trip, wet to the skin, and chilled to the bone in consequence of having been caught in one of Arizona's sudden and frightful thun-

derstorms. Having changed my clothes, eaten supper, and lighted my pipe, I was just passing into that state of blissful repose known to the smoker only, when Drinky dropped in to tell me that himself and friends were going to the Line for Mescal, and would expect me to remain up until their return, as they then intended "to make Rome howl." Not having the remotest desire to make either Rome or Calabazas howl, to lose my needed rest, or to be shot while asleep, my brain was cudjelled to devise some means of escape. Finally I remembered a pile of bricks that lay in a corner of the corral. I carried a number of these into the Custom House, and borrowing from the storekeeper two sheets of iron, placed them in Drinky's corner behind the door. Upon the iron two courses of bricks were closely laid, and on this foundation I made up my bed, rolled up in my blankets , and went to sleep with a feeling of security. I was presently awakened by hearing my name shouted out, coupled with threats to shoot if I did not come down instantly. The calls receiving no answer, several shots were fired, and the bullets tearing through the floor brought up with a "ping" against the iron under my bed. They were firing into Drinky's corner, thinking me to be sleeping in my own, a contingency not thought of when changing my sleeping place. Knowing that the shots from below could not injure me, I turned my face to the wall and kept perfectly quiet. My quietness had its effect, for there was no more shooting, but I heard Drinky say, "Boys, he is up stairs, let's go and smoke him out." And then, accompanied by a gambler and a most distinguished

"gun-fighter," he ascended the stairs carrying a candle. Seeing my own corner unoccupied, they were about to leave when Drinky spied my bed in his corner. He was palsied with fear, and could barely stammer out, "Why, he's made his bed in my corner." Three more quickly sobered men were never seen than these jokers now were. They came to the pallet where I laid perfectly motionless, the gambler saying, "My God, we've killed him in his sleep." There was regret expressed in his tones, and, I am glad to say, a tinge of anxiety also. The joke was a rather serious one this time.

Those who had remained below now came to see what was the matter. They were met on the landing with the exclamation, "We've killed him and had better skip over the Line!" An adjournment was made to the saloon below, and further efforts toward making "Rome howl" abandoned for the time being.

They gave me credit for many more good qualities than I was aware of having. My generosity, activity, bravery, whiteness, and general saintliness of character, as dilated upon, was a revelation to me, and I shuddered to think how nearly they had come to killing such an exceptionally good man. They deplored their luck, and devised schemes for escaping punishment for my supposed death. Drinky thought it best to skip over the Line and lose themselves in Mexico. The others thought it better for Drinky, as coroner, to hold an inquest over my remains, bring in a verdict of accidental death, and thus squash further proceedings. The gun-fighter would stand ready to kill any one

who intimated it wasn't an accident. Drinky strongly protested against being made judicially prominent, and insisted on skipping to the country of untaxed whisky.

After quite a talk, the saloon keeper said that I might be wounded only, and not beyond help. Another of the party deemed it extremely foolish to bother about saving my life, and then probably have trouble over the shooting. If allowed to die, by all telling one story, things would be made straight, and they could bury me decently. He would pay his share of the expenses.

The gambler and gun-fighter decided upon making sure of my condition, and with Drinky again ascended to the room, their candle casting a funereal light around. I still laid perfectly quiet, with my face to the wall.

The gambler approached the bed, placed his hand upon my chest, and remarked that he thought my heart still beat. I did not breathe until almost suffocated, and then, being obliged to fill my lungs, drew a breath so deep and long that a sigh accompanied it. The gambler yelled excitedly, "He's not dead! Come here, quick!" The others sprang to his side and tore the blankets from my body.

Seeing that it was no longer possible to deceive them, I sat up, rubbed my eyes, yawned as if just awakened, and asked:

"What is the matter? What the devil did you wake me up for?"

They were dumbfounded, and for some moments

looked at me in imbecile astonishment. Drinky, when he recovered speech, asked:

"Say, are you hurt?"

"No! What the thunder would hurt me?"

"Didn't you hear any shots?"

"Shots? No! What shots?"

"Oh, nothing. We thought we heard you holler as if something had happened to you.

They passed their hands over my person, and asked me to walk a few steps. The blankets were examined and no bullet holes found. Their faces wore a puzzled expression. Four or five shots had been fired into the corner from powerful weapons, and yet I was unwounded, nor was there a mark on my bed clothing. Either they had dangerously poor weapons or I had a charmed life. Nothing more was said concerning the shooting, they evidently believing my assertion of not having heard the shots. As I stood before them swinging my arms, twisting my body, and kicking out my legs to show that no vital injuries had been feloniously, and with malice aforethought, made away with by me, they looked as if expecting to see me drop dead at any moment. After satisfying themselves that I was unhurt, they shook hands with me impressively and assured me that if I ever needed friends they would be on hand, for I was a ——, and several other varieties of a good fellow. They wished me pleasant dreams, shook hands again, and took their leave.

Drinky had lingered to tell me of a secret deposit of Mescal from which to refresh myself. In turning to follow his cronies, he stumbled over the corner of my

bed, and displaced a brick. He looked at me in pained surprise, and asked, "What the devil are bricks doing up here?" at the same time picking up the brick and calling to the others, who hurried back, thinking, from the tone of his voice, that I was finally dead. As they stood in the doorway, he jerked away the mattress and exposed my safety couch. It was some moments before they realized the trick I had played upon them, and then, anathematizing every portion of my person, they carried me bodily to the saloon, where numberless drinks were indulged in, but not as spiritedly as usual. Amongst the entertainers was my unidentified enemy, who had thought it better to let me die and hold an inquest. The lesson my friends had received cured them of the dangerous joke of shooting through the ceiling; but the sheet iron and brick mattress were kept in use as a precaution against future stray shots, for pistols were oftimes used otherwise than to give point to a Calabazan's joke.

Along the river bottom were hurdy-houses, an institution that is indigenous to the mining, railroad, or frontier town, and that merits a word of description. A large tent, supported by a framework of scantlings, is the ball room; around the sides are benches for onlookers and patrons, two or three hanging lamps dimly illuminating the interior. At the rear end is a counter and bar with shelves, and a mirror in a gilt frame. Upon this bar the owner makes his most enticing display of bottles, glass ware, and artificial flowers. A sawed off shot gun or a revolver occupies a special shelf under the counter, within easy reach

of the bar-tender, but no one else. In a corner of the tent a much travelled, superannuated piano is placed diagonally; and behind the piano is a small platform upon which are chairs for the violin and banjo players, whom the pianist accompanies. In front of the piano is placed a row of chairs for the girls.

The musicians wear a fatigued air as befits the *creme de la creme* of hurdy society. It is an honor to have them accept a drink at your expense; and a friendly nod from one raises you to the same notch in your fellow's estimate as a free pass to a theater would in older communities. At eight o'clock P. M. the house fills with roughly-clad, rude-mannered, foul-mouthed men. The musicians take their places and the fiddler calls out, "take your partners for a dance." With less bustle than in a city ballroom the dancers are in place, the floor manager, generally the proprietor assisted by a six shooter, winds his way among them to see that all is ready; to eliminate dead beats, and customers whose dance and bar bills are already large enough; or some fellow too attentive, and who may wed one of the girls, thus putting the hurdy-man to great expense in replacing her. A signal is given, the music strikes up, a rattling reel, a quadrille, or a well played waltz, and the rough shoes of the dancers beat the floor resoundingly.

At the end of the allotted fifteen minutes the music ends with a suddenness that stumbles. Each man takes his partner to the bar for refreshment. The men are handed any liquor they order. The girl's orders, varying from champagne to beer, are filled from one magical bottle containing innocuous, whisky looking, clarified

and sugared coffee; for the reason that the women must be kept sober. A drunken woman cannot dance satisfactorily, and, as an irate hurdy-man was heard to remark, "A hurdy-girl with a jag, raises more —— than a rattle-weeded Texas steer."

There was a refreshing candor and freedom from constraint in the intercourse between the Calabazans. To refuse a drink was a shocking insult to the entertainer, for the water being bad, it was something to be avoided at all hazards. It was not in good form to pronounce the surname, if you knew it, of one whom you were addressing. Ignorance of this social custom sometimes brought new comers to grief. Many a quiet keen eyed stranger came to the town; men whose ears cocked sharply at the hearing of a proper name. Therefore, from the highest stratum to the lowest level of Calabazas society, none seemed gifted with a surname, It was Lizzie, Mollie, Sallie, or George, Pete, and Bob. As there might be two or more bearing these names, identity was made sure by a prefix, suggestive of some personal peculiarity, as Handsome George, Curly Pete, Spud Micky, or Charley's Jack,—referring to some saloon utility man. Ladies having the same names were distinguished one from the other by being known as "Splay-foot Sal," "Jag Lizzie," "The Widow," or "Birdie"—if given to singing. Prefixes descriptive of personal deformity were common. "Sheeny," indicated a prominent nasal organ, "Conch" being substituted should the nasal organ be in the nature of a freak. "Limpy Bob" was a cripple, of course, and "Lucky" inferred

very fortunate or unfortunate person, when attached to a name.

Calabazans used but few words to express a great deal. Experience had taught them the value of taciturnity; that the least said was the soonest mended, and the greater safety. Usually their remarks were limited to, "I don't care if I do," "make your game," or "whisky sour." The slang, profanity, and mixture of Mexican words and terms, made the vernacular language almost a foreign tongue.

Their favorite drink was Mescal, a fiery liquor made from a species of agave or cactus. It can only be kept in glass, and is sweetened with salt before swallowing. Three successive drinks of Mescal would drive a fellow into voluntarily kissing his mother-in-law, which is a valuable pointer for that necessary and much abused female.

Such was Calabazas during its short-lived boom. The whistle of the bullet was heard in the land; the clattering music of the faro and poker chips, as they were shuffled through the nervous fingers of the players, sounding from every side, as if beans were falling on a tin roof. "Keno;" "Make your game, gentleman;" "The black wins;" and "Drop that pot, you ——!" Bang! floated to the ear from the several tents after dark. Desperate men, never perfectly sober, carrying heavy revolvers and keen-edged bowie-knives in boot or breast, filled the tents and streets. Low-browed dogs, keepers of low drinking resorts, with huge pistols fastened to their waists by steel chains, slouched around their tent doors awaiting a chance to rob some laborer. At every turn men

would be met whose crimes could not be atoned for by a life time of prison or a half dozen halters, they having been attracted to Calabazas by reason of its location near the Mexican boundary line, to where they could readily escape from American jurisdiction in case they were hunted for present or past offences. The average darkness of Calabazas humanity was illumined by the flash light presence of some who were more eccentric, criminal, or specially gifted than the mass; of these I will attempt to give an account in the following chapters.

Those visiting the site of the former grandeur of Calabazas, as they ponder over its "kitchen middens," empty tins and early history, need not expect to find much but the name; for, upon the completion of the railroad, Calabazas became a dangerous way station; besides, a hurried trip to the Line was a wearisome and anxious one for those that prudential reasons compelled to make it. From time to time the best customers of the saloons and the flowers of society flitted to the Line. After the anti-Chinese riot, the people and tents moved to the new town of Nogales, whence it was but a step from the American sheriff to the Mexican safety over the Line. At the exodus, for obvious reasons, the Custom House and corral, the wells, and the hotel foundations were left behind. These are all that remain of the evanescent glories of Calabazas, unless, indeed, the map still hangs on the Custom House wall.

THE
KID

THE CALABAZAS KID.

HIS ARRIVAL—HIS SOJOURN—HIS SUBJUGATION—HIS DEPARTURE FOR THE LINE.

The advance of the railroad construction gang boomed the Pastoral Arcadia of Calabazas. Town lots began having more than a fictitious value, and the four or five people that had comprised the ancient population, felt more as if they were a portion of the great world. Each new saloon tent with its assorted poisons, array of fancy bottles, and stacks of poker chips, was welcomed as a commercial enterprise of great merit, and the older citizens considered themselves very enterprising indeed, in ever having found Calabazas at all.

Although there was nothing massive about these new structures in the town, but their names and their owners unlimited cheek, yet on account of their being placed regularly on each side of supposed streets, they gave the city something of a metropolitan aspect, and the nightly music in the hurdy-houses on the river bottom, gave the weary and heavy laden notice that the town could furnish some of the metropolitan vices and amusements. As Calabazas filled up with rail-

road men, miners from the adjacent mountains, gamblers, whisky dealers, and desperadoes, it became the banner town of Arizona for all manner of vileness, notwithstanding that murder and robbery ran riot throughout the Territory. Of course, among the new comers were a number of "Kids," but not conspicuously bad ones. They associated with their fellow bad men as if the title carried no particular distinction; and until the arrival of the subject of the present sketch—one destined to much disturb the usual status of things in that happy burg—a Kid had no special terrors for the average Calabazan.

The new arrival was a finely proportioned young man; his every movement indicated strength and agility. He was about twenty-one years of age, and both his features and language gave evidence that he had been well born, and reared by respectable people. The armory of weapons, and magazine of ammunition belted around his waist, his befringed buckskin suit, rattling spurs, and broad-brimmed sombrero, as well as his actions, were a sufficient assurance to the ever watchful citizen, that he was not a detective or a sheriff. These suspicious characters were the only visitors viewed with any serious disfavor by the cautious inhabitants. He was dissipated looking, of course, and his talk was replete with oaths and slang. He had a fine horse, saddle and bridle, which were disposed of within an hour or two after reaching town, realizing something like one hundred dollars for the outfit. He then filled himself with bug juice whisky, or the tarantula juice Mescal, and proceeded to introduce himself to Calabazas society and have a devil of

a time generally. A series of appalling yells and ear-splitting whoops came from his throat; he swore in forty varieties; he was boss, and could stand before any man in the town. He walked up and down the street, his pistol popping like a Gattling gun.

Who knew it to be a fact, none could tell; yet it was soon asserted in whispers that this was the dread "Texas Kid," or the holy terror of terrors. Death laid in his finger ends, and disaster in his wink. His deeds of daring, in fighting his way to freedom through cohorts of the minions of the law, put the deeds before Troy to shame. Sheriffs and constables had been his victims by scores; his pistol grip was unwieldy from notches in commemoration of his dead, and his shooting simultaneously from a pistol in each hand, was a miracle of skill and deadly destruction. It would be better to eat sand for a month than to truculently cross the orbit of this flaming meteor of a Kid. He was "The Texas Kid!" the only! the original! He was chief, and annihilation awaited the Calabazas champion that aspired to equality or superiority in all that went to constitute a ruffian.

These rumors were started as soon as this Kid began to made a local record. No one vouched for their truth or could give any authority, but they were supinely accepted as being true. By nightfall of the first day, the Kid was the acknowledged chief of the hardest town in Arizona, and, without leaving that trail of blood that usually leads to the honors that crown the chieftain.

The Kid made few or no intimates. Cowardly admirers were always ready to treat him at the bars or

gambling tables, and if he spoke familiarly with one of them, they were ready to kill some one—not a Kid—and thus make themselves still more worthy of the chief's notice and approval.

Occasionally a dressy looking stranger alighting from the stage to stretch his legs, would be compelled to dance an exhaustive jig, while the Kid fired his revolver balls at the feet of the dancer to furnish the incentive. "The Moke," our only colored resident, abandoned us because the Kid had so little regard for the fifteenth amendment as to make him stand upon his head, and, with his feet in the air, dance several difficult jigs, breakdowns and quicksteps to the music of that humorous gentleman's revolvers, fired rapidly, and in the direction of the colored brothers quickly moving feet. The prettiest hurdy-girls would leave their escorts at his request. The dancing floor was never too crowded to make room for him. At the gambling table he did not wait for chance to favor him, but replenished his pile of chips from his neighbor's; if the robbed demurred, a look from the knightly Kid was a quieting potion, and a receipt in full. Whisky, wines, and cigars were at his command, to be paid for at his leisure, or not paid for at all, Should he desire to give some saloon keeper a hint that relations were strained, a horse was taken from the corral and ridden into the saloon, the hanging lamps would be used as targets at which to fire his devastating pistol, or the saloon keeper would be made to treat the horse and rider, while with fitful gaze he calculated the size of that gentleman's revolver barrels.

He apparently had a charmed life, and his daring

and coolness were beyond belief. Many were the threats of his victims, intended to be carried out at the first opportunity for assassinating him. He took particular pains to show himself to be a dead shot from either hand. He seemed never to close his eyes in sleep, and so cat-like were his movements that none were able to get the much-desired "drop" on him.

After one week the town had become so used to being bluffed by the Kid that it was accepted as one of the natural conditions of Calabazas life. That he should step uninvited to the bar and be counted in, was to be expected at any social treat of friends and strangers. Men of his own class spoke admiringly of his nervy eye and of his quickness with the gun. There was no doubt in Calabazas of "The Kid" being chief, king, emperor, or anything else he chose to consider himself; and, like other chiefs, kings, or emperors, he worked his title for all it was worth. A more tyrannical, over-bearing, and conceited chief, king, or emperor, never existed.

Crandall, the Land Company's agent at Calabazas, was a good-natured but dissipated man, and a pleasant and entertaining fellow; drink did not entirely obliterate these qualities in him. Everyone liked him, for he gave no intentional offence, and his unfailing good nature, drunk or sober, forbade him taking offence, even at the most offensive jokes; he saved no money—which is a virtue in such a town—and being the agent of the Company that claimed the Earth, was an important citizen.

Now while Crandall gave no offence, he was always in a fever of apprehensive dread that one of the "bad

men" would take a shot at him for an imaginary cause, and in consequence, nearly his whole time was taken up in making peace with the "bad men" of the town. The Kid had terrors for him, drunk or sober, that were never allayed; a casual look from the "chief" was enough to place him between the devil and deep sea of doubt, to cause him to fill himself with whisky and retire to the Custom House room, where he would, in maudlin tones, bemoan the evil fate that had brought that sanguinary arsenal of a Kid to Calabazas. It must not be inferred that Crandall was an arrant coward; in more lawful communities it is probable he would have defended himself manfully. Here he was panic-stricken and demoralized at the utter disregard for human life, and his constant drinking had a tendency to unnerve him. The Kid bluffed more men than Crandall, and many of them had a record for being as dangerously bad as the Kid claimed for himself or rumor gave him.

Crandall carried a pistol. A pistol was a part of every man's and many women's costume in Calabazas. A man did not feel fully dressed if the grind of a revolver was not felt on his hip or thigh at each step. Why most of them carried weapons, no man knew, for the majority were ready to throw their "gun" away and run like deer at the slightest danger, or hand it, without demur, to the first gun-fighter that demanded them. But being the frontier fashion, Crandall, of course, had to carry one; it at least impressed the "Tenderfeet," and insured, from them, a measure of respect and awe. His pistol was an old, rusty, muzzle loading Colt's, and it is doubtlul if it had been loaded

for years; yet this old pistol, and Crandall, and a hasty action, were to give the town a lesson on the folly of accepting a stranger on the strength of rumor, or at his own appraisement.

It was the afternoon of a July day, one of those dry, hot, debilitating days, known only to the sun-baked valleys of the extreme Western States and Territories. It was so suffocatingly hot that the least exertion was wearisome. The corpulent, ubiquitous Calabazas fly was too enervated to buzz, or too dispirited to let go of the ceiling or fall into the butter; and coatless men lounged lethargically in the shadow of their tents, in vain attempt to keep cool.

Crandall was sitting at a table in the Palace Hotel, the one nearest the door, with his side toward the entrance, and facing one of the tent sides. Opposite him sat a stranger, one who had arrived that day, and spread upon the table was a map of Calabazas. The stranger was an intending settler, and Crandall was setting forth to him the future greatness of the town, praising its social advantages, and, in fact, telling all the standard lies of a real estate agent who is hungry for a commission. The stranger was a respectable looking man, and, though he had been but a half day in Calabazas, his restless eye and nervous starts betrayed the fact that he had seen enough of the unaffected free and easy manners of the town, to wish that his early education in frontier customs had not been neglected. Crandall was so deeply engaged in impressing the stranger with the advantages of the town, that he did not notice the Kid enter the tent to partake of his midday meal, something he never missed

or paid for. The Kid seated himself with his back to Crandall, and summoned Cum Sing by banging the table with a salt cellar. When that worthy appeared, the following extraordinary order was viciously given by the chief:—

"Bring me some great moral standby and Arizona turkey."

Cum Sing, taken aback by an order for such unheard of delicacies, replied graciously:—

"Me no sabee, gleat molly stanby. Me no sabee Alizona tulke, hab got bled, hab got sullup, hab got———."*

He did not finish his list of luxuries, for the Kid arose and fired two shots at Cum Sing's feet, saying, "I want beans and pork——, you pork and beans; you sabee now?"

Ah Kid! Kid! those two were the last cartridges in your pistols. Their reports sounded the death knell of your reign. Like greater men, your sense of security proved your destruction.

At the first shot, Cum Sing, saturated with fright, gave a blood-curdling shout of "Wha fo?——Je Cli! wha fo you shoot me?" jumped six feet perpendicularly, and, as his feet touched the floor, shot from the dining room as an arrow from the bow, yelling at the top of his falsetto voice to his brethren in the kitchen. As the terrified Chinaman left the room, his cue uncoiled, and stood out stiff and straight behind him. The second shot accentuated his speed, and

* The Chinese with difficulty pronounce "r" or "v"; for these letters they substitute "l" and "w."

cleared the kitchen of Hi Sing and Lo Sing in short order.

Up to the time of firing the shots, Crandall had been oblivious to all but the stranger and the map. At hearing the shots, the stranger turned pale, lost all interest in Calabazas real estate, and hastily arose to go. Crandall, rendered desperate by the idea of losing his whilom customer, and the commission that would have supplied him with the satisfying Mescal for many days, jumped from his seat, pulled the rusty old pistol from his pocket, and, turning rapidly, slapped the Kid upon the back with a resounding whack, at the same time inquiring, "What in the h—l is the shooting about?" Crandall was so exasperated at seeing the stranger hurriedly disappear, that he did not stop to consider, and had not the least idea of whom he was talking to. The blow had been unintentionally hard, and was given for the purpose of attracting attention to his question, therefore it may be imagined what his feelings were, when he instantly realized that he had familiarly slapped the back of the unconquerable Kid, and had so cavalierly asked that monarch for information. He was riv eted to the spot and frigid with fear; he expected no less than instant death.

Upon receiving the slap the Kid turned and saw Crandall, pistol in hand, lips firmly set, and staring at him with dilated eyes. In a moment the Kid's figure was as rigid, and his stare as intent as was Crandall's. For a few seconds they eyed each other steadily. The silence was so oppressive that it sagged in the roof of the tent and bulged out its sides. Suddenly, and

without a word of warning, the heroic Kid threw his pistol to the floor, fell to his knees, and, in a whining voice begged Crandall to spare his life, for he had been simply "joshing Cum Sing, and intended no harm."

It was with mingled emotions of terror and surprise that Crandall saw the Kid kneeling at his feet imploring mercy. His head actually ached with the excess of his astonishment and doubt. Was he actually and really Crandall, or had all but Crandall's form been replaced by the spirit of Agamemnon? Was this kneeling figure the Kid or the Astral body of that truculent chieftain? If actually the Kid, was not his present humble demeanor intended as a sarcasm? Was he not playing with him, as a cat does with a mouse, before he wreaked a final and deadly vengeance? It might be so! and Crandall's grip upon his old pistol tightened. But no! the stricken look and humble attitude of the vanquished Kid was too plain to be misunderstood.

Crandall grasped the situation with a presence of mind that few in that town would have displayed. The pallor left his face, and the blood returned with such force and volume that it soon became more rubicund than usual. How his heart swelled with the pride of victory! How mighty thoughts of his determined attack on this terrible Kid surged through his mind; he had intended doing this very thing, of course he had, no one could harbor a doubt about it. Eyeing the Kid sternly, meanwhile keeping his old pistol aimed point blank at that humble person's head, he ordered him to "hold up your hands and *hold them*

high." Without delay the Kid's hands went up so high that his arms appeared a foot longer than normal. With an unforgiveable want of logic, Crandall next ordered him to hand over his weapons. The Kid had hardly made the first movement toward lowering his hands to comply, when Crandall excitedly yelled at him to hold up his hands and keep them up unless he wished instant death.

Calling Cum Sing, he ordered him to tie the Kid's hands behind him and to hobble his feet. This command was obeyed with great cheerfulness. That reorganized heathen next proceeded to dismantle this wreck of a Kid, and closely examined each weapon before delivering into Crandall's hands. After disarming the captive, Cum Sing gazed at him with great scorn and severity and said, "You go h—l, you no good. Wha fo you foolee me, spose you likee shoot; wha fo you no shoot Mis' Clandal; him welly good man; —— ——. Me no flaid you. You eatee my g'lub plenty; you no pay one —— cent. You allee time shoot box, shoot can, shoot air. Me no flaid you. Je Cli! you foolee me one more time, me b'leak yo head. Wha fo you no pay me fo g'lub? You go lound, you dance huldy-girl, you no pay; all lite! You go s'loon, you catchee d'link; you catchee cigah, you no pay; all lite! You go washouse an get cloze, you no pay; you shoot flo an sca'a ebbybody; all lite! You come my house, you shoot flo; Hi Sing him lun way; Lo Sing, him lun way; him man go buy lot, him lun way; you laise h—l allee time; all lite, I sabee! Me an Mis' Clandal no flaid you. Je Cli! wha fo you tink me flaid? Wha

h—l you come my house fo? You no likee bean, you no likee fla-jack, you no likee licee, you no likee sullup, you no likee anyting. You likee molly stanby, you likee Alizona tulke —— ——. Me no sabee molly stanby, me no sabee Alizona tulke. Mis' Clandal he no sabee too. Je Cli! you foolee me an Mis' Clandal one more time an—an—an—." At this point the memory of past indignities so overcame Cum Sing, and he had absorbed so much of Crandall's valor that he danced a war jig around the unhappy prisoner, and, uncoiling his cue, belabored him heartily with the end thereof, until Crandall ordered him to desist, and lead the Kid to a chair.

Cum Sing led the prisoner to a chair; his captor, after first putting his pistol in his pocket, seated himself opposite, and slowly running his glance up and down the Kid's figure, asked, "What in h—l do you mean by cutting up in this way?" This question was entirely supererogatory when it is remembered that the Kid had been doing equally as bad or worse daily since he had bestowed his unwelcome presence on Calabazas. What could the Kid say in answer? Were not his knife, his pistols and his ammunition belt now the trophies of his captor's prowess? Was he any longer king, emperor, or chief? Had he not met his Waterloo? Not getting an answer, Crandall leaned over the table, and, taking the Kid's ornamented hat from his head, contemptuously twirled it into the kitchen with the remark, "You —— scrub, take off your hat when you talk to me."

He now applied a string of the most opprobious epithets to the Kid, and wound up the list by asking,

while he slapped his cheeks with his open hand between each word:

"Say! (slap) what in (slap) h—l (slap, slap,) are you monkeying (slap) around here (slap) so for?" (slap.)

How much oftener Crandall would have asked the same question it would be hard to say, had not the crowd made its presence felt. The news of the capture of the Kid, "after a deadly conflict," had spread like wildfire over the town. The tent and the street in front of it were crowded with citizens. Every hurdy-man, rustler, gambler or saloon-keeper that the Kid had bluffed was on hand, with tempers certainly not of the sweetest when they learned that, single handed and without conflict, Crandall had captured the mighty and invincible Kid. Crandall, whom any one could bluff; who always had important engagements elsewhere in troublous times; who had the most aged pistol in the town, and not a notch on its hilt; a pistol that he had never fired so much as at a mark. Some were inclined to give him credit. and, as he sat opposite his captive drinking in their admiration, how sweet to his ears were such remarks as, "I'm —— if Crandall aint got nerve." "Crandall is a daisy when he starts in." Didn't think it was in Crandall by ——." And many others of like tenor.

In the crowd were several of the hurdy-ladies who had been the recipients of the Kid's enforced attentions. They cast scornful glances at him who had so lately basked in their smiles. One lady, more forward than the others, whipped out a pair of scissors and clipped off a handful of his luxuriant locks, exclaiming

that she wanted a "bunch for keeps." Of course the other ladies must follow such a valorous example. They were all "just *dying* for a *mo*mento," and to prevent such a fatality, the scissors were busily engaged until his once abundant hair had disappeared. The gentle barbers followed no uniform style, and in consequence, his very lumpy and ill-shaped head was soon covered by stunted bunches of hair lying in irregular windrows.

There was nearly as much feeling against Crandall for having captured the Kid as there was against that uncrowned king for having so long bluffed the town, and then surrendering to the least dangerous man in it; in short, when these desperadoes, some of whom, safety assured, would not hesitate to commit the most atrocious crime, saw the ridiculous light in which the capture of the terrible Kid by the good-natured Crandall placed them; when they knew that they had been cowed, and made to eat leeks by a bluffer without the shadow of a record, their cowardly anger knew no bounds, and it was only by the exertions of the better class of sports, and the taunts of the more sympathetic hurdy-girls, that they were prevented from taking immediate and dastardly revenge on the helpless, trembling culprit, by filling his body with bullets.

Crandall's demeanor at this juncture was ridiculously sensible. Seeing that the crowd was in a dangerous humor, he arbitrarily ordered the Kid "to shut his —— mouth;" not that the Kid was saying anything, far from it. He then addressed the crowd, stating that the Kid was his capture, and the spoils of his individual courage; that through the Kid's actions in

the Palace Hotel, he had lost a good cash commission, consequently he claimed the full charge and disposal of the prisoner. (Crandall's customer meanwhile was rapidly footing his way to Tubac, from which place he took the first stage, and forever shook Arizona's dust from his feet.) Frontier mobs are thoughtless, and easily swayed from anger to mirth. Crandall's looks and actions, more than his words, created laughter in the crowd. The more influential citizens said that Crandall was right, whereupon the crowd slowly dispersed, and the prisoner was led by his captor to the corral to be safely tied in a stall.

As the evening shades came on, groups of people gathered in the different saloon tents to discuss the Kid's downfall and career in Calabazas. Of course, many who desired to put a new polish on their dimmed records, claimed they knew from the first that this was not the "Texas Kid," and that he was a "rotten fake;" but they had laid low to see how he would run the town, and at the proper time had intended "to do him up in great shape," etc. The more manly acknowledged that the Kid had "played them for suckers;" "had made———fools of them, and had worked Calabazas for a Jay town, which it was." Calabazans were much like the rest of the world; nothing bad enough can be said of an unsuccessful person, and a detected rogue is always the worst possible rogue.

After the first flush of anger was over, by some strange impulse—an impulse that often takes the place of reason with these people—the past deeds of the Kid were looked upon more as in the nature of a good joke on the town than as deserving of anger or ill will.

They appreciated the humor of his having bluffed the town, and then permitting Crandall to capture him so easily. The hurdy-girls and better class of sports said that it would be shameful cowardice to take revenge on a green boy, just because they had been afraid of him; that for two weeks he had had his own way, and, being an expert pistol shot, could have done much damage if so inclined.

That night the leading sports gathered in the Golden Fleece, and formulated a plan for punishing the Kid, and at the same time amuse themselves at his expense as he had done at theirs. It is hardly necessary to say that Crandall was not at all consulted. That fearless and vigilant man, during the silent watches of the night, had convinced himself that he had captured a notorious criminal, and he revelled in thoughts of the large rewards he would reap thereby. The lost commission was dismissed as unworthy of longer thought. He would take the Kid to Tucson, deliver him to the authorities, collect the rewards, and return to Nogales to buy into the Mescal distillery, and there reside evermore. As for the Kid, he passed a sleepless night, and utterly refused the food which Crandall did not neglect to bring him.

Next morning, after breakfast, Handsome George and Curly Pete called at the Custom House, where they found Crandall sitting in the official arm chair, his hat on the back of his head, his heels on the table, and his head filled with the magnitude of his own merit and importance. In a most anxious tone of voice they asked Crandall,

"Where is the Kid!"

"He's in the corral; I just left him."

"No he aint."

Crandall was on his feet in an instant.

"He aint?"

"No, he's gone! He took a pistol and rifle from Frank down stairs, and said that he was going to play even before he left town."

"Wh-a-t!" exclaimed Crandall.

"That's what he said," said George.

"Wh-a-t!" again exclaimed Crandall, while his face assumed a deathlike hue.

"The Kid's on a hunt, that's what," said Pete.

Crandall jammed his hat over his eyes, and rushed past the two men, saying,

"Great God! let me out of this! don't stop me!" and fairly flew down the Custom House steps.

In front of the house stood Drinky's horse ready for mounting. Drinky had just stepped into the saloon for a stirrup cup, before starting on an exhausting trip to the distillery at the Line. In a moment Crandall had vaulted into the saddle, and so vigorously did he ply lash and heels, that he disappeared over the little ridge at the head of the valley before Drinky could offer any protest.

Now the Kid was still confined safe and fast in the corral, and Crandall had barely gotten out of sight before a committee entered the corral and brought the prisoner out. He was a most pitiable sight, haggard, pale and tearful; the remnant of his once abundant hair was scraggly and tangled with straw; his hands were swollen from the tightness of his hay rope manacles; his feet were numb from the impeded circula-

tion, and his once fiery eyes were shifty with fear. As he faced the cold, unmerciful mob from whom he expected nothing but hanging, he could not control his voice enough to plead for himself. His appearance so worked upon the sympathies of the more tender hearted hurdy-girls, that, though they had lived in constant fear of him during his reign, they now made strong appeals to the mob not to be hard upon him. If the girls had not known that no injury was intended, no doubt they would have faced the mob in his defence. Women in frontier towns have done such things before, and when their sympathies are aroused they are very tigers in courage and forgetfulness of danger.

The Kid was given a large drink of whisky; the bindings of his feet and wrists were loosened, and he was asked to give an account of himself. He spoke almost in a whisper, and stated that he had come from Indiana, had been well raised, but a dime novel reader; he desired to live a frontier desperado's manner of life, and his mother being a widow and pretty well off, he had taken enough money from her to come West. At Denver, Colorado, he had purchased a cow-boy's outfit. His first stopping place had been Tombstone, but the amiable differences existing there between several cliques of bad men—in which the undertaker had the last say—made the town honored by their residence rather undesirable as a place in which to safely begin a record, so he had hied himself to Calabazas, where he was gratified and astonished to be mistaken for the "Texas Kid," a gentleman who seemed to be much dreaded, and had accepted the name because it was

both appropriate to his longings, and had a ready made record attached. His success in posing as a bad man had been so phenomenal that, for fear luck would turn, he had determined to leave Calabazas, and nurse his reputation in some less dangerous town; and, in fact, had it not been for his unfortunate downfall in the Palace Hotel (a downfall the more regretted, no doubt, because Crandall was the downfaller), he would have departed on the next stage. He said he had never injured any one, and that if they would spare him, he would return to Indiana and stay there the remainder of his life.

When the Kid had finished his story, he was given another drink to brace him up, and was told by the spokesman of the committee that they had decided to give him a chance for his life; that he would be taken to the outskirts of the town and be given one hundred feet start on the road to Nogales; when he reached that mark, all hands would take a shot at him. Should he not be killed, he could keep right on; if wounded, he wonld be cared for and turned loose on recovery; but if he should escape and again come to an Arizona camp, any of them meeting him would kill him on sight. Needs must where the devil drives, and the Kid had to reconcile himself to the situation. The terror stricken fellow cast such pitiful, appealing glances at the lawless crowd surrounding him, that even their hardened hearts would have been softened if injury had been intended; but it was fully understood that the shots were to be fired into the air; the boy's mental suffering was to be the sole punishment for his two weeks of fraudulent chieftainship.

After an hour to recover strength and courage from the restorative whiskeys administered, the Kid was brought to the starting point and made ready for his run. A Cottonwood tree one hundred feet distant was selected as the point to be reached before firing began. At the word "Go," the Kid was off like a flash; just as he reached the tree a volley was fired, and his body was seen stretched upon the ground. There was a general rush made to where he lay, and some of the crowd raised his head from the ground. His deathly pale face and staring eyes indicated that he had met his death at their hands; and, with few exceptions, the breasts of the mob were filled with regret at the result of their fun. It was presumed that some cowardly scoundrel in the crowd had left a loaded cartridge in his weapon, and fired to kill, knowing the impossibility of fixing the guilt upon any certain person. If this had been the case, the culprit, if detected, would have been strung upon a tree, or have been riddled with bullets.

As they stood around the body scanning each other's faces, in an endeavor to detect the guilty person, a moan was heard from the Kid, and a twitching of his eyes noticed; he had only fainted from fright and exhaustion. He was quickly placed with his back against the tree, and freely-administered whisky soon brought the color to his cheeks. As he revived, and was seen to be unhurt, so did the better feelings leave the hearts of his persecutors. He was induced to eat, and to drink a cup of hot coffee, topped off with more of that universal panacea, whisky, and was told that he would be given another chance; this time he would

have two hundred feet start. Three men were appointed to examine all pistols and extract bullets, the three to stand with loaded weapons, and shoot the first man that fired before the word. The Kid, however, had no knowledge of this; but his former escape, the bite of food, the hot coffee and numerous whiskies, gave him renewed courage when he was again stationed for a start.

At the word "Go," he went like the bullet from a rifle, and, as he passed the mark, every gun was fired, accompanied by a yell from the shooters. The Kid had been so strengthened by his slight meal and the improved programme, that he attained a speed that made it doubtful if a bullet could have caught him. In an inconceivably short time he had disappeared over the ridge, and was out of danger; but he continued running as if on urgent business—Calabazas business, so to say. His splendid physique stood him in good stead; for Pete-the-rancher said that when he passed his place, he was running so fast that there was a draught on each side of the trail for two weeks afterward. But then every one knew old Pete's failing.

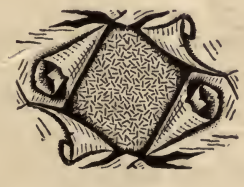
Crandall, when he so hurriedly departed, had ridden to the Mexican Custom House at the Line, where he intended to remain until assured of the Kid's permanent departure from Calabazas. Just at dusk he was sitting at a large table in the officer's waiting room, deeply engaged in a game of solitaire, and near him stood a bottle of Mescal, from which he drew inspiration from time to time. Suddenly a shadow flitted across the table; Crandall looked up and saw —The Kid. The Kid at the same moment recognized Cran-

dall. Both were equally frightened, and both equally at loss in the emergency. Simultaneously each sought safety under the table. As they met, each was convinced that the other was determined on deadly revenge. Locking each other in close embrace, they lustily bellowed in unison, "Don't shoot! I give up! I haven't any gun! I am your friend!" The astonished Mexican officers attempted to separate them by grabbing their legs. Simultaneously releasing each other, and backing from under the table, they straightened up, gazed fixedly at one another, and together slowly left the Custom House, thoughtfully walked to the adjacent distillery, where each drank two glasses of Mescal, and separated without having once exchanged a word. Crandall saddled his horse and started for Calabazas. The Kid returned to the Nogales' Custom House, and enlightened the puzzled Mexican officers as to this last exhibition of Gringo (American) eccentricity.

Crandall grieved very much over the rewards that he was convinced he had lost by the Kid's escape. He was not long permitted to retain the evidences of his valor; the pistols, the knife, and the belt were taken by different parties—with a record— to satisfy claims made by them, that the Kid had received certain loans (forced) of poker and faro chips to the full value of his assets; all that was left to Crandall was the glory. He ever claimed that his lightning trip to the Line was in pursuit of the Kid, and comforted himself in a great measure by cornering unsophisticated Easterners who might tarry at Calabazas, telling them of his valor and heroism in capturing the "Terror"

that had run the town, never failing to mention the vast imaginary rewards that he had lost by that gentleman's departure for the Line. After the Kid's experience, no stranger became a chief in Calabazas unless his record was proven by deeds, instead of rumors. The very name, "Texas Kid," was a stench in Calabazan nostrils, and that dime novel youth was ever after spoken of as the "Calabazas Kid."

There must be many who will recollect the extraordinary manner in which this green Eastern boy dominated the town—the hardest in Arizona—for two weeks. Let us hope the lesson was not lost on the Kid, that he returned to his widowed mother, and lost all desire to emulate the mythical Cow-boy of dime novel celebrity.



THE CALABAZAS PREACHER.

HIS ARRIVAL—HIS SERMON—HIS BACKSLIDING—HIS DEPARTURE FOR THE LINE.

He came into Calabazas Saturday morning, riding a small clay-bank mule. It was not past seven o'clock, still, at this early hour the fervid rays of Arizona's sun was beating down with an intensity that would have caused an epidemic of sunstroke in the Eastern cities; but the dry air of Arizona enabled one to withstand the baking heat, and to go about one's daily affairs without danger, simply discomfort.

The mule ambled along at a slouchy gait, half walk, half trot, his tail nervously twitching at each step. His ears were extraordinarily long, and would have been so for the very largest of his kind. One of the ears was pointed forward, and the other flapped lazily against his head with the movements of his body; his eyes half closed and sleepy, would lead one to believe him a harmless, well-disposed animal, until closer scrutiny developed that very much subdued deviltry lurked under the sleepy looking, deceptive eyelids. The rider's legs were as much too long for the ordinary man, as his mule's ears were too long

for the average mule. Consequently the shortened stirrups brought his knees about to a level with the saddle seat, or a little higher. His eyes were half closed, and squinting under the brim of his hat, as if he was in deep thought, or wished to protect them from the direct glare of the sun. There was something about his thin lips and half-closed eyes that fastened one's attention; something undefinable and unfixable, but that once seen, kept a person thinking of their owner.

The traveler was dressed in brown linen trousers, had no vest on, and wore a long linen duster, which being permitted to fly open, displayed a checked calico shirt. His whole apparel showed the effects of constant and careless usage, or that it and the washtub had but small acquaintance. At the back of his old McClellan saddle was tied a small, black valise, much the worse for wear, and of the cheapest kind. He appeared to be about forty-five years of age, his face thin, pale and freckled, wore a look of the greatest solemnity. A mass of fiery red hair topped the face, and a faded black cavalry hat, with limp, flapping brim, topped the hair. A scraggly red beard, grown in the style popularly known as "Galway chokers," protected his throat. There was a singular resemblance between the man and the clay-bank mule, and this extremely hot morning was evidently a source of discomfort to both.

As the man entered the town, quite an amount of interest was excited. He did not have the look or dress of a trader, prospector, rancher, gambler, saloon-keeper, cattle-man, rustler, or detective. The

occupations of all in that country were comprised in the above, and the question arose as to "Who the devil was he? Where the devil did he come from? What the devil's business brought him to Calabazas? or, Where the devil was he going?" Of course such questions were not put to the stranger, but were in the nature of inquiries amongst the loungers, and were far more forcibly expressed than has been written; for the Calabazans were a profane and suspicious people, always keeping an eye open for possible law officers in disguise.

The traveler, upon reaching the store, dismounted, fastened his mule by throwing the reins to the ground—the usual method in cattle countries—and entered the building. After casting a rapid look around, he turned to the store-keeper and asked concerning accommodations for himself and animal in the town. He was given proper directions, thanked his informant, and led his mule to the Custom House corral. After seeing that faithful animal attended to, he hied himself to the Palace Hotel, and at that Epicurian retreat almost created a panic, by reason of the ferocity, magnitude, and indiscriminateness of his appetite. After the morning meal was over, Cum Sing gave vent to most doleful forebodings, saying to Hi Sing and Lo Sing, "Je Cli! him man eat one mo' bleakfast allee same dis morning him bleak me all up."

Having attended to the wants of his inner man, to the imminent danger of bankrupting Cum Sing, our traveler returned to the store, where several of the more prominent citizens had gathered under various excuses, but principally to discuss this enigma of a

new comer. Their curiosity was soon to be satisfied, for the traveler entered the store, bade them all "Good morning," and introducing himself as the Reverend Abimilech Jones, said that he was a minister of the gospel, and had visited Calabazas with the intention of holding religious services the following day, provided he could find a tent wherein to hold them.

The Rev. Jones asked concerning the religious bent of the tribe of Calabazas, and incidentally mentioned the fact that he was an itinerant preacher, bound to no particular creed, but was constantly on the move, holding services and erecting church edifices by subscription in God-forsaken towns. His hearers hastened to relieve the Reverend gentleman's anxiety by assuring him that plenty of tents were to be had, of sufficient capacity to contain any congregation that he was likely to bring together in Calabazas, and that he might "bet his life" that, in coming to Calabazas, he had struck the most God-forsaken town in all Arizona, not excepting Tubac. The Rev. Jones piously thanked all, with many quotations from Scripture, to the effect that God blessed well directed and well meant efforts, and said that he had no fears about being able to gather a fair congregation, "for the devil was not always as black as he was painted," and very much more to the same effect. There was something about the man, as ordinary as he looked, that impressed a hearer that he was no fool, and in all likelihood he would be quite successful in anything he undertook.

The store-keeper had introduced him to several of the more high-toned gamblers, saloon and hurdy-

house keepers present. After a few minutes' talk with them on general topics, in which he seemed remarkably well posted, he said that he would now look around for a tent in which to hold his meeting. Very much to every one's surprise, three or four of the leading citizens volunteered to assist him in selecting a tent. After viewing several vacant tents, all of which were declared to be too small, they at last pitched upon one which he said would be suitable in every way; the same had formerly been used as a gambling tent and saloon, but the owner having become tangled in some financial complications, the property was now under a Tucson attachment cloud, and in charge of Constable Davis. The tent was a large one-room affair, and bore upon its front the very appropriate legend, "Rest for the Weary." The constable was fortunately in town, and, when called upon by the preacher, consented to its use for divine services free of charge.

Having obtained the permission, the preacher, excusing himself by a quotation from scripture in reference to sluggards, peeled off his duster, and went to work with a will, and without assistance; he moved the gambling tables to the front of the bar; emptied the shelves behind the counter of all their ornamental glassware and bottles, which he put under the counter and out of sight; he then swept the floor, the used up cards being hardly the proper carpet for a gospel tent.

The tent cleansed, the Rev. Jones rustled around town gathering spare benches, cracker and canned goods boxes, spare chairs, or anything else he could utilize as a seat. He was so constantly on the move

that he appeared to be scattered all over Calabazas as it were, and, until he had gathered them into one place, no one would have dreamt that there were as many benches and chairs in the town. The broiling mid-day heat did not appear to affect him in the least, though streams of perspiration were pouring from everyone else. Though all were seeking shady nooks in which to cool off, the Rev. Jones kept right on at work, and never turned a hair; he did not appear to have a drop of spare water in his system to sweat with. No one volunteered to assist, nor did he ask for assistance.

Most of those who saw him working, ridiculed him, and cast obloquy upon his parents for having begotten such a congenital idiot, but when the evening had come, the Rev. Jones' untiring activity had gained him a measure of respect and sympathy from these scorners, and many of those who had laughed loudest in the morning, now, with binding oaths, declared their intention of going to hear him the next day, for they "would be —— if he should have all this work for nothing."

By supper time, the tent being fully prepared for the next day's congregation, the Reverend gentleman rested from his labors, and ate such an abundant supper that Cum Sing was filled with consternation and unutterable woe. Supper eaten, our Reverend again began his labors for the morrow. He called at the store and Custom House, giving those whom he found there a hearty invitation to hear him the next day. He then visited the prominent saloons and gambling tents, and, watching for an opportune

moment, when the banker was settling a keno game, he jumped upon a table, and to the amazement of the proprietors and guests, shouted at the top of his voice, "Keno!"

Having drawn attention to himself, to the suspension of other business, the Reverend invited them to church on the morrow, so that when death came they could call "Keno! and rake in the heavenly pot." He brought up suggestions of their childhood, and implored them to save their souls, or if they didn't care for their own, to come and see the souls of others saved, for he declared he would have many of them on the mourners' bench before the next night. He then jumped from the table and quickly disappeared, to visit another tent and enact a similar role. As he retired, many audible remarks could be heard, such as, "When the h—l did he get loose?" "Who is that —— jay?" "Great ——! but he has gall!" Or a parting invitation to him, to "go and take a sand bath in the river bottom," would be extended with much asperity. Nevertheless, after the shock of their first surprise wore off, and the incident had been talked threadbare, most of those present declared their intention of going to hear him preach, "Just for a lark," or because "he was a bird for gall."

The preacher next called at the hurdy-houses; entering one, he looked on with solemn visage until the dance was ended, the bar visited, and the girls were seated. Then, before he was suspected of such a move, he mounted a chair or bench and yelled, "Fire! Fire!" With these words for a text, he warned them of the hereafter, and invited them to

church. He skilfully flattered the girls, telling them of their youthful looks, that indicated innocent maidenhood, and that the Almighty would make cherished brides of them all, etc. After which he departed as quickly as he had appeared, his long linen duster slapping funereally against his lathe-like, rambling legs, leaving his auditors perplexed as to whether "H—l's broke loose," as they suggested, or that lightning would strike Calabazas next. The Preacher was followed from each hurdy-house by a few choice spirits—men who were always ready for a joke—who wished to see him "give a game" at the next house, and to laugh at the genuine, paralyzed surprise of Tom, Dick, or Harry, at seeing their temples of pleasure used as an exhorting place by the "Tramp gospel sharp."

By the time the Rev. Jones had in this unwarrantable manner invaded the last hurdy-tent, quite a crowd followed him, all of whom had derived so much amusement from the manner in which Tom, Dick, or Harry had accepted the intrusions, that they shook hands with the Preacher, and declared him to be a "dandy," and "just their size," and "that they be ——— if they weren't coming to his show." The places visited were rather benefited than otherwise; for the Reverend's talk of death and hell-fire created a thirst amongst his hearers that conld only be quenched by numerous visits to the bar, much to the profit and conciliation of the hurdy-men, and the restored equanimity of their patrons.

Our Preacher did not neglect the heathen Chinese, but extended them an invitation with an earnestness that convinced them "He pleacher him clazy." That

suspicious boniface, Cum Sing, before accepting, inquired of the Rev. Jones with much seriousness, "When you go away?"

"To-morrow night, if God is willing."

"All lite, me cum see. You *sure* you go away to-malla?"

By midnight the Rev. Jones had canvassed the town, and retired to rest on the hay stack in the corral, remarking that he valued the mule highly, and had a partiality for a hay bed. This was not considered as peculiar; for most strangers after meeting the people, and learning of the proximity of Calabazas to the Mexican boundary, preferred the clean hay—and the certainty of finding their animal in the morning—to the cat infested Palace Hotel floor, or an uneasy night on a saloon bench or table.

Now, most men in the Preacher's place would have considered that they had exerted themselves enough. Very few of the Lord's Shepherds would have accomplished in a week a tithe of his one day's work; no! not to have saved every precious or worthless soul in Arizona, much less Calabazas; but the Rev. Jones never wearied in the good work. Sunday morning he was up with the sun, giving the finishing touches to his tent. At breakfast he drove Cum Sing to grief and distraction by the celerity with which vast quantities of bacon, beans, mush, canned stuff of various kinds, slapjacks, molasses, coffee, tea, etc., disappeared down his slender throat into his bottomless stomach.

After breakfast he was again hastening over the town; this time to have all of the business tents closed

between the hours of 10 A. M. and 1 P. M. His unlimited impudence and unquenchable zeal had so completely upset the whole population, that he could not surprise them by anything he now did, and though he advanced his requests to close in an appealing tone, far from commanding, yet those appeals were received almost as orders that must be obeyed. He advised with the store-keeper that he might as well close and come also. The store-keeper pondered that he wanted a few hours' rest, and as Handsome George and Curly Pete were going, he guessed he would close during the hours mentioned and go too, "just for fun."

At the Golden Fleece, Pantheon, Coliseum, and other prominent places of liquid and chance entertainment, the owners were told appealingly that "I have no objection to your keeping open on Sunday, but want you to close between the stated hours to-day." These men who would have cared for the wants or objections of no one else, agreed to close and come to church; and to make sure that none would remain open to harvest shekels from the thirsty customers of the closed places, the proprietors of the said places accompanied the Preacher around to the other saloons, and by cajolery, ridicule, or threat, induced them to close also. As one after another signed the agreement, it became less troublesome to get others; for these people disliked to have the name of being stingy, contrary or unaccommodating, among their associates.

So vigorously did the preacher work, that when the hour of ten o'clock A. M. had come, a stranger entering Calabazas, and seeing every place closed, would have thought that he had found the most God-fearing,

moral, and law-abiding place on earth. The town was so sedate and quiet that a random pistol shot would have caused a general faint. The Palace Hotel flies buzzed with a subdued buzz, and flung themselves despairingly into the molasses, mustard, butter, and vinegar, with the most reckless abandon and turpitude.

Services were to begin at 11 o'clock. At 10.30 A.M. the "Rest for the Weary" was rapidly filling up with the strangest and least religious congregation ever seen gathered in a house of worship. Before 11 o'clock the tent was jammed; every hurdy or other girl, gambler, rustler, saloon man, and loafer in Calabazas were there, and all simply from curiosity. A more serious gathering one was never a member of; not a smile or gesture of ridicule was to be seen in all that congregation, composed of about two hundred and fifty of the most hardened characters that had ever been known to meet in one tent. Cum Sing, with a horror of mob violence, stood near the door, where escape was easy, should this "clazy pleacher"—with such a suspicious and destructive appetite—give utterance to anti-Chinese sentiments likely to arouse ill feeling.

Occasionally from the audience could be heard in subdued, serious tones, "Hello, Bill! What in —— brings you here?" "——you, Jack! don't push me off the box!" "What in blazes are you crowding for; go buy a whole tent?" "Wonder when his jags will open his game?" or from some impatient member, "Maybe his nibs is playing us for suckers!"—which last was more dreaded in Calabazas than to be spotted by a detective. Feminine voices would be

heard to say, "Jennie is as full as a goat." "God! what brings Dolly here?" "If Bob catches Birdie praying, he will kick her ribs in." "Ain't Bonnie fixed up for a mash?" or, "If Lize didn't wash her face the preacher would faint." There was no disrespect or sacrilege intended, they were simply passing remarks in their own way, as more reputable congregations are in the habit of far more sacrilegiously doing in choicer language.

At precisely eleven o'clock our preacher entered from the rear, linen duster and all. He placed a chair on a faro table in front of the bar, and mounted the table. With his appearance all talking and whispering ceased. He had neither Bible nor hymn book. Looking solemnly over his audience, he said, "We will open the service with that beautiful hymn entitled, "Greenland's Icy Mountains," and I would like to have the audience join in singing it,"

The Rev. Jones had a most lovely tenor voice, and, as he gave the pitch and started the hymn, there was surprise and pleasure visible on every face. The first verse was sung by himself, after which he again looked over the audience slowly and said, "We will begin that hymn over again, and I wish *all* to sing." He then recited the first two lines and sang them, a few of the voices of the women joining in. This was not satisfactory, and he insisted that the whole audience should join whether they could sing or not. He again recited the lines. This time the hymn was sung with great vim, as a number had caught the time and joined in, as many of them said afterwards, "just for

luck," and "because his nibs was business in a minute."

Here were men and women who for years had never used but profane or vulgar words, now singing hymns at the command of this tramp preacher, who was gifted with such wonderful controlling power. Women corrupt in soul and body, with brightened eyes and smiling faces, raised their shrill voices in hymnal praises, the more vigorously as the long-forgotten melody and words rushed to their memories. Who can tell what childish memories were brought to mind by this unwonted scene? For the time being they were honestly sincere, and no doubt thoughts that they were still within the pale floated through their minds, when they saw how well they could ape respectability this memorable Calabazas Sunday. Ah! if the poor things could have but regained that respectability, salvation would have bothered them but very little. It is possible that the title of the hymn made it attractive such a sultry day, and in such a crowded, suffocatingly close tent. The very words were cooling to the mouth.

After the hymn was a prayer, well conceived, short, impersonal except as to the Deity, and well delivered. None of the audience knelt, though no doubt they would have done so had that man of excellent judgment and wonderful power requested it of them. After the prayer and a moment's rest in the chair, the preacher arose and begged their strict attention until he had finished his remarks and sermon. He regretted very much that he had left his small Bible at Tubac, but as he knew the Bible by heart he could

select a text. This he proved by reciting verses extending from Genesis to Revelation,—and there was none to dispute their correctness.

He then gave out his text, which, he said his hearers, if curious and had such a thing as a Bible, could find in the gospel of St. Matthew, 27 chapter, 3d and 5th verses, as follows :—

"Then Judas which had betrayed him, when he saw that he was condemned, repented himself, and brought again the thirty pieces of silver to the Chief Priest and elders.

"And he cast down the pieces of silver in the temple and departed, and went and hanged himself."

From this text the Rev. Jones preached one of the most extraordinary sermons ever preached or listened to by mortal man. No pen or descriptive power is equal to the task of doing full justice to his gestures, language and intonation. It can be given but feebly from notes taken during the sermon. He said:—

"My dear brethren, I have selected this text as peculiarly applicable to the people of Arizona as a whole and to the people of Calabazas in particular. I will digress so far as to say, I am rejoiced to see so many gentlemen and ladies present; the more especially as I was told in the town of Tubac that a preacher would never live long enough after reaching Calabazas to preach a sermon. I am also rejoiced to see some in my audience who were very doubtful of my having any listeners at all. I am very glad to see you all so nicely dressed for this occasion, and I would wish to apologise for appearing before you in such an unclerical garb, but I was compelled to leave my trunk

at Tubac to be forwarded by stage. I may never see it again.

Now, my dear brethren, you have all been children, and as children in Sunday schools you have been told of Judas and taught that Judas was a vile, bad man, and deserving of everlasting infamy. If you have heard his name mentioned from the pulpit, it has ever been in contumelious and reproachful terms; but, brethren, Judas was a scape-goat for the other eleven apostles; his memory has been unjustly abused and vilified, and he has my sympathy, as he should have that of every right thinking man. Now, what kind of man was this Judas? I will tell you:

First—He was a man of good reputation.

Second—He was a man of abounding faith, and utterly devoid of suspicion.

Third—He was an honest man.

Fourth—He was a brave man.

Altogether he was what we would call here a "square man."

Brethren, read the Bible from beginning to end, and I defy you to find one word reflecting in any way upon the character of Judas, until after his death, when four apostles out of the eleven claimed that he betrayed the Saviour. Mind you, he was dead! Had hanged himself!

Brethren, Judas was unsuspicious, and, like all unsuspicious people, probably did many impulsive things that made the others—from their own evil minds—suspect him of evil. He had an abounding faith in his Master, far more than did any of the others. Had he not seen him raise the dead, give sight to the

blind, feed the multitude on the mount, cure the leper, and turn unhealthy water to cheering wine at Cana? Had he not heard him say that he was the Son of God? Had he not heard him predict destruction to the temple, and awful disasters to God's chosen people, and these same people persecuting him? Can you blame him for believing that no harm could reach his Master from human hands? Would you have believed so in his place? I say you would not.

As to his honesty: He was the one the twelve selected for Treasurer. Would this have been the case if they had suspected his honesty? He was treasurer without bonds; think of that! How many of those that slur his memory to-day from the pulpit could get such a position without bonds? Why, brethren, they could not be cashiers in beer cellars without giving bonds.

Nowhere in the Bible can you find a word reflecting on the honesty of Judas, not even from the eleven surviving disciples; yet you cannot read a paper of to-day without reading of some modern disciple defaulting either with the church money or one of the church flock! They cannot safely throw stones at Judas, not at all!

Brethren, was Judas a coward, or was St. Matthew one? After the arrest of their Master and his condemnation, when the eleven were in hiding because they lacked faith and courage, poor Judas went openly to the temple, threw the money down, and then went off and hanged himself, at the very time that these saints were in hiding! And St. Peter, who was the "Rock," and to whom the Keys of Heaven were given, was at

that very moment denying his Master in such a dastardly manner, that even the roosters couldn't stand it without protesting!

Now, brethren, we will suppose Judas did betray his Master, what was his motive? I claim that his faith was so great that he would not believe his Master could be injured, or that his Father would not protect him to the confusion of his persecutors. Judas' whole course as laid out by St. Matthew, indicates this; probably Judas thought, as we of to-day think, that to live on the enemy is the proper plan when campaigning! no harm could be done. and he had the enemy's money in the company's purse. Avarice was not the inducement; for it is not claimed that Judas reserved the thirty pieces for himself.

When Judas saw that the Son could not help himself, and the Father did not help him, what did he do? Did he skip to another country and live on the fruits of his treachery as is done nowadays? No; he gave the money back, and gave his life to atone for his mistaken faith. But brethren, St. Matthew was in hiding as were the others all this time, and had to make up some tale to cover their cowardice. Of course he said that one of the company chopped the ear off the High Priest's servant, but he does not say it was a disciple that did so. There were many believers in the crowd, and it may have been one of them. The apostles wrangled just as much in their day as Christians do in our day; and if it was an apostle that defended the Saviour, jealousy has buried his name in oblivion. But I do not believe St. Matthew; I do not believe Judas betrayed the Saviour? but I do believe that his

love and faith were so strong, that when he found his dearly loved Master was to die, he preferred to die also, and go to the glory that he believed his loved Master could give him after death.

I think the four apostles were a poor lot to let their Saviour die without an effort to save him, and then blame poor Judas for it all—after he was dead!

Now, brethren, when we cast stones at Judas, we should remember that we are all more or less Judases—to take the name in its biblical significance—so far as betrayals go. Have we as many undoubted virtues to offset our faults as he had? Take the thousands of preachers living in luxury and idleness, neither spinning nor weaving, would not they have hard times if there had been no Judas? Judas was their benefactor, and they scorn him. Even *you men* would not do that.

These preachers sell their Master yearly for far more than thirty pieces of silver; but who ever heard of their returning any money? They have deluged the world with blood, by the angry passions that they have stirred up against those that do not believe with them; but who ever knew one so repentant as to go and hang himself for his deeds? Their charity is a charity that consists in blackguarding each other, and begging dollars from the generous for the poor, of which dollars they spend ten cents on a soup ticket to give to a beggar, and ninety cents on a porterhouse steak for themselves. Brethren, Judas had far, far more charity than any of them.

The men of to-day are almost all Judases for betrayal; they betray each other daily and hourly for far less

and much more than thirty pieces of silver; they will work for a man until they gain his confidence, and then rob him. They will advise their intimate friends to invest in sure schemes, and then divide the boodle with the schemers. They will shake your hand, eat your food, and live under your roof, to scandalize you afterwards. Sons betray their fathers, and brethren their brethren; but do you ever hear of one of them continuing to emulate the example of Judas by hanging himself? Not much, you don't. My friends, as bad as Judas was claimed to be, if he lived to-day, he would go and hang himself in disgust at being compelled to associate with the average man.

And the women! The women are all Judases for betrayal. They cannot afford to contemn his memory! Just gather a few women together, then have another come in, and hear them exclaim, "Oh! its you! how glad I am you came!" here they kiss, and all set down to tear some other and absent woman to tatters. One woman goes out, and we hear, "Oh! wasn't you surprised that she came, for she knows we hate her! for she paints," from one; "she steals," from another; "she lies;" "she's dirty;" "she is unfaithful;" "she is everything mean." Another one goes, and the same rending process follows, until only one is left, and this one talks to herself of the last one in her company. As each woman leaves the crowd, she visits another crowd, and tears to pieces those she has just left, and so it goes on until a woman's friendship—for a woman—is a byword and reproach; but who ever heard of one of them hanging herself, as a partial atonement for the misery and

suffering caused her own sex by her biting, scandalizing and uncharitable tongue. So far as women being Judases to men are concerned, there is nothing to be said against them; honors are easy between them so far. The men tell their wives that they are going to the club. The women tell their husbands they are going to sit up with a sick friend, and both have a picnic; but neither go and hang themselves.

Brethren, I like Calabazas, and all towns of its kind. I like the people. I could raise more money for charity in this town in thirty minutes, than I could in a large city in thirty days. You folks don't sneak around in doing things; yet you women go to a city, and you would meet with contemptuous looks and slurs from fashionable ladies who are hugged by dancers because they like it; but you women dance to earn a living.

Let you men visit a city, and a sorry life you would have waiting for an invitation to a social dance; but if you are willing to pay for the same, you are called low and vicious. They are not as sincere or honest as was this Judas of old. Visit their fine churches, and you will see, snugly resting in their cushioned seats, men who spent the preceding night in saloons or gambling rooms. They will pass you by, because you gamble with cards, yet those same men will gamble with stocks and in exchanges, and will lay awake all night devising some safe scheme to rob their fellow man. If you boys do play a "sure thing" game, you at least risk your lives in doing so.

Brethren, dancing, singing, and gambling or swearing are not sins when done openly, and in a proper

spirit. In olden times, dancing before the Lord was the proper caper. The Saviour made no bones of attending wedding feasts and helping along the fun. You read your Bibles and you will be astonished at the amount of dancing that was done before the Lord. (The Rev. Jones here quoted numerous verses in support of his assertion.) As for drinking, well, no man has a right to make a hog of himself at it, but not only does the Bible approve of it in moderation, but suggests that it is good for man. The Lord did not consider the marriage feast complete till he had converted the saddening water into joyful wine. (Here verses were quoted bearing upon drinking and wine making.)

Gambling is all right if you don't play a "sure thing" game on your fellow man. In olden time every doubtful question or bargain was settled by lot. (Here more applicable verses were quoted.) Why right to-day, you enter any church fair and you will see the most bare-faced gambling by wholesale, and appeals by beautiful women and girls to the gambling instinct of those who hesitate; yet these selfsame people are ever trying to jail gamblers and stop gambling, and by their laws drive them to swindling devices that could not be practiced openly. Friends, your secret games are always the worst and most dangerous ones.

Every gambler packs his Bible with him if he reads his cards correctly. Many of you have heard of the gambler that was converted and went to church. The priest, in going around, saw him kneeling with a card

"lay out" before him and upbraided him for committing such a sacrilege.

"Father," says the sport, "they are my Bible." Quoth the Priest, "They are the Devil's Bible." Says the sport, "Not so, and I will convince you of it; for instance—

"The 'Ace' reminds me that there is but one true God.

"The 'Deuce' that he made 'Adam and Eve,' and sinless.

"The 'Trey,' of the 'three prophets' who were thrown in the 'fiery furnace,' and of the 'three Wise Men' guided by the 'Star of Bethlehem.'

"The 'Four,' of the 'four Evangelists.'

"The 'Five,' of the 'five wise and five foolish virgins,' of the 'five loaves' that fed the multitude, and the 'five plagues of Egypt.'

"The 'Six,' of the days 'God labored' in creating the world.

"The 'Seven,' of the day he rested from his labors and made holy, and of 'Pharaoh's dreams.'

"The 'Eight,' of 'Noah's family' saved from the flood.

"The 'Nine,' of all things created by God; for this number contains all the numerals, and can be added, divided, and multiplied, but nine can always be produced from the answer.

"The 'Ten,' of the 'Ten Commandments' given to Moses on Mount Sinai.

"The 'Knaves,' of the false prophets of the Amalekites.

"The 'Queens,' of 'Sarah, wife of Abraham,' of

'Pharaoh's Daughter,' of the 'Queen of Sheba,' and of 'Queen Esther.'

"The Kings, of 'Kings Saul, David, Solomon, and Herod.'

"The 'Diamond Suit,' that salvation is precious above price.

"The 'Heart Suit,' that the Saviour gave his heart's blood for sinners.

"The 'Club Suit,' that certain punishment awaits sinner.

"The 'Spade Suit,' that the end of life is death.

"The 'Four Suits,' that there are four seasons.

"The whole pack of cards, that there are fifty-two days of rest and worship in each year."

As the sport called off each card in turn and the biblical incident it called to mind, the Father blessed him for a good man, though he did use the Devil's Bible. So much for gambling and cards.

Swearing, my friends, with such as you, is no sin. You do not intend it as a sacrilege, nor do you meaningly curse each other. In the Bible somebody is cursing somebody else from the beginning of it to the end. You have sworn so much that the words have come to be your natural mode of expression. In more thickly settled communities they do their cursing, lying, stealing, gambling, and drinking, in private, because they are hypocrites, or moral and physical cowards. You will find as many church members in Hell as you will people from Calabazas. My friends, Calabazas people suit me, as do the people of all such towns—save and excepting Tubac.

This isn't a religious community; but I have never

preached to a better behaved or more attentive audience in any city. Tubac is different; it is an eyesore and scab on the earth; but Calabazas will yet make its mark. In conclusion I would say, my dear friends, that I thank you for your presence and attention. A collection will be taken up after service, and such as desire to contribute to my present or future wants can have an opportunity of doing so. I would not come into your house and stand around watching the game unless I spent some money, and I feel assured none of you will take such advantage of me. I want no buttons or nickels, but faro or poker chips on solid games can be put in. I have confidence in your generosity in spite of what I was told concerning you in Tubac; don't be Judas-like and betray that confidence.

Thanking you one and all, we will conclude by singing a hymn you all doubtless have heard, "In the Sweet Bye and Bye."

The hymn was sung, a prayer was said, and the preacher then went around with his hat. Between cash and faro chips—that were as good—his collection amounted to fully one hundred dollars. He then again mounted his table, thanked the audience, and dismissed them with a blessing.

In less than half an hour every saloon, gambling and hurdy tent was again in full blast, with all accessories. As the Preacher walked to the Palace Hotel, he received many hand shakes; his eloquence and knowledge of the Bible were admiringly spoken of, and he was placed on par with Beecher or Spurgeon. He was declared to be "square," "a dandy," "a bird," "a lulu," and was given every other

THE PREACHER HAS A DIFFICULTY

choice title that could express their high estimate of his character and appreciation of his sermon. He was assured in most profanely positive language that, upon his return from Tombstone, if he desired to camp in Calabazas, that they would "dig up" enough to support him, and to buy him a church tent; because his religious views exactly suited them. They called him "Old Man," and were as proud to be in his company as if he had been the original Judas himself. It was noticed that the ladies danced with greater religious fervor after the sermon. and with unusual agility, as it were.

If the Rev. Jones had now eaten his supper and gone about his business, he would have been remembered as a gifted but eccentric man. He had certainly performed wonders in Calabazas. But the Rev. Jones did not go. He first ate a meal with a consuming appetite that caused Cum Sing to have spasms of horror, then he visited the various games to cash the chips that had been contributed by the different gamblers.

At midnight a most unearthly row awoke us, and we went out to see what was the matter. It was a disagreement between the Rev. Jones and a rustler over some faro chips, the Preacher claiming that the rustler tried to rob him of them. The Reverend proved to be as ardent a fighter as he was preacher, and gave his opponent a most unmerciful thrashing. I regret to say that our Preacher had an overload of Mescal and whisky aboard.

It seems that after supper, when he visited the gambling tents, the Reverend was invited to partake of the hospitality of his admirers; nothing loth, he

did so. When he went to the faro tables to cash his chips, he was invited to stake them and double them up for the church; this he also did, and continued to double, uninvited, displaying so much sagacity and good judgment in "coppering," that he almost broke two dealers, much to their chagrin and discomfiture.

He refreshed himself quite often while despoiling the Philistines to the replenishment of the church's exchequer, therefore his inner man contained much Calabazas nectar, the only apparent effect of which was to increase the solemnity of his face, and his memory of the scriptures, of which he volubly quoted verses apposite to the various drinks and winnings. He was cashing his last contributed chip at a river-bed resort by staking it on the game, and much to the disgust of the dealer, from that small capital amassing a number of piles of white, red, and blue chips; the assorted colors representing quite a tidy sum for the church. Presently his sleepy eye detected a rustler in the not uncommon practice of stealing a few chips. If the Reverend had possessed a bowie-knife, no doubt the rustler would have paid the common penalty for such offence by losing a finger, but not having the bowie-knife, the Reverend took up his chips, and gave the rogue a straight out blow on the nose, followed by one on the ear, another on the chin, and several others that appeared to hit him all over at once. A blow on the chin knocked the rustler down; being permitted to stand up again, he invited the Reverend outside to fight it out, which invitation he regretted having extended a few minutes later. It was this row that awakened us.

The Rev. Jones left the defeated rustler, and made a tour of the hurdy-houses to bid farewell to the ladies of his Calabazas flock, which he did with parting waltzes, polkas, and schottisches, to show that he practiced what he preached. At 4 A. M. he called at the Custom House and bade us good-bye. The good man entered the corral, saddled his mule, and departed, humming the hymn known as "Jordan." His Reverence's mule had not been idle meantime; while his master was practically illustrating the lessons of the morning, the clay-bank mule had become so fascinated by the hay stack, that he had broken his halter and appeased an appetite only equalled by his owner's. After feeding to his heart's content, he had put in the remainder of the night in scraping acquaintance with the other animals in the corral. Whether they objected, or the clay-bank mule was proud, is not known; but as a fact, daylight developed that such animals as had not had some ribs staved in by the clay-bank's active heels, were limping around the corral with bruised hips, legs and shoulders.

The Rev. Jones did not go to Tombstone, but instead to Nogales, on the boundary line. As a wealthy cattle buyer, he halted at Pete's ranche for a breakfast of tortillas, frijoles, and coffee, with that hospitable pioneer, and remained long enough afterwards to have a civil game of poker with Pete—during which he taught that gentleman several tricks with cards—and continued on his way with a twenty-five dollar contribution from the old gentleman, that amount having been staked by him on *sure* hands.

The last heard of the Rev. Jones he was at the Mexican Custom House at Nogales, explaining in perfect Spanish that he was on the way to Hermosilla to visit the Governor of Sonora, from whom he intended getting a concession to establish a tadpole cannery at the mouth of the Colorado River, there being quite a demand for that delicacy—from the Chinese.

A few days after the Rev. Jones' departure, Calabazas was visited by a supernaturally cunning fellow, very secretive, and wearing a disguise—the infallible sign of a detective when they do not wish to be known. Simultaneously with the advent of this "ever open eye" of a detective, it was known to all that he was trailing the Preacher, who was no minister at all, nor was his name Jones; in fact, he was a murderer and robber from Texas or Kansas, and for whose apprehension a large reward was offered.

For a long time it was quite imprudent to refer to the Gospel as she was preached in Calabazas. The mention of Judas, or of the sacred character of a pack of cards, insured a serious personal difficulty with one or more of the leading citizens, many of whom, in strangely compounded sentences, volunteered their opinion that there was a "hoodoo" on Calabazas, when such men as the "Kid" or "Preacher" could come in and work them for jays and suckers. Either the altitude or the water, or the close proximity to the Greaser country had dulled their perceptions, when such "bald fakirs could fool them."

The reception to future visiting priests or preachers was so cool as to almost induce congestive chills in those gentlemen, in spite of the fact that the ther-

mometer was quite low in Calabazas when it stood at 120 deg. (in the shade?)

At the village of Tubac, twenty miles north, the Rev. Jones, as a wealthy mining speculator, had been caught by a sharper than he to the tune of fifty dollars and an empty purse, in a quiet monte game, which accounted for the Reverend personage's disparagement of said Tubac, its houses and its thirty of mixed population.

To Cum Sing, the Preacher's visit and appetite was an epoch. Cum Sing had predicted him a fraud when he ate five dollars' worth on a fifty cent basis. All subsequent incidents he dated as such a time after "him clazy pleacher."

No one ever saw a faro or poker chip subscribed for charity at Calabazas after this experience with the Preacher. It was considered as being a hoodoo on their games. No church was ever erected in Calabazas, nor was any other religious service for living or dead ever afterward performed in that city up to the time that its citizens moved to Nogales, where they could step over the Line into Mexico in case of urgent necessity.

THE CALABAZAS WIDOW.

SHE COMES—SHE INVESTS—SHE INCREASES HER "WAD"—SHE DEPARTS FOR THE LINE.

As the months rolled by, and the railroad hands spent their monthly earnings in the city, it prospered and grew, and the cactus plants and boulders were cleared from the street. A graveyard was laid out, and the older saloon-keepers that had waxed in riches by means of their bars and gambling tables, imported lumber, and built substantial wooden walls six feet high around their tent sides, these answering the double purpose of checking vagrant bullets, and preventing the sudden, violent summer storms from tearing up the tent sides.

In spite of the fact that Calabazas was so rapidly assuming metropolitan proportions, nowhere in that town could the weary pilgrim find a bed upon which to rest his tired bones. He was assured of drink in a variety. He would be dexterously and expeditiously fleeced at any manner of game. He could eliminate from his soul all hope of salvation, by reason of the intensity of his objurgations against Calabazan heat, insects, and customs. He might be slaughtered with

the most gentlemanly consideration, and in the latest and most approved style; but he could find no sleeping place other than the hurdy-house bench or gambling table. When the Calabazan retired at all, he did so wrapped in his own blankets and upon his own floor, the previously imbibed Calabazas whisky being his mattress and sheets. A stranger awaiting to retire on a bench, a table, or the floor, could seldom do so before daybreak, and then torturing dreams of broken bones disturbed his rest, if wandering bullets did not make it endless. A request to sleep upon the corral hay aroused suspicion—unless he had a horse—and the Palace Hotel was but a restaurant and nightly resort for the Calabazan cats, that were as truculent as their masters.

Blessings ever come when unexpected. At noon one day the stage landed a strange lady in our midst. She was a lady about thirty years old, good looking, black haired, not at all proud or too fat, and with a quick eye and an independent demeanor. She trippingly alighted from the stage, a small hand satchel and a poodle dog, her sole baggage, was handed out, and she entered the Palace Hotel. As soon as she entered, she apparently owned that hostelry, and demanded to be shown into a private room. Cum Sing escorted her to that exclusive apartment, in which she made herself at home by depositing her dog on one chair and her satchel on another. She then ordered him to preserve that room for her sole use during her stay; wished to know at what hour supper would be ready, and desired him to bring her a looking glass instantly. Cum Sing retired panic stricken,

not being possessed of a whole looking glass, he confiscated the fraction of one that was the property of the cook, Hi Sing, who was something of a Chinese dude, and brought it to the lady.

After several ineffectual attempts to pin the piece of mirror to the canvas sides of the room, the lady, muttering something very like an oath, propped it on the table against the partition. She took off her hat and veil, and removed her overdress of linen; then with a wriggle she lowered her shoulders and projected her bustle until her face was reflected from the glass. She took her handkerchief from the reticule that hung at her waist, wiped the poodle's eyes and nose, spat on the handkerchief, and with great care and deliberation wiped her own face, paying particular attention to the depressions around her ears, eyes, nose, and mouth. She spat again on the handkerchief and washed her hands. Another trip to the reticule brought out a piece of buckskin and a small package of "Beauty's Bloom," with which she vigorously rubbed her cheeks, nose, chin, and ears, and wriggled herself variously until all parts of her face and neck had been viewed in the glass.

The result of her labors appeared to be satisfactory, for she kissed her dog cheerfully. She then opened the hand satchel and took therefrom a red ostrich feather wrapped in tissue paper; this she arranged on her hat so as to droop gracefully down her neck. She next unbuttoned the bosom of her dress, and from that safe depository extracted six jewelled rings, a locket and neck-chain, a gold watch and chatelain, a brooch, and a pair of gold chain bracelets. On the two first

fingers of one hand she put a pearl, a ruby, and two cluster diamond rings. Upon the third finger of her left hand she added two solitaire diamond rings to the plain gold one already there. The chatelain and watch she pinned to her ample bosom, and the chain and locket were clasped around her neck. Slipping the bracelets on her wrists she again kissed the dog, surveyed herself with much complacency, and closed the satchel with a snap.

With her handkerchief, assisted by her ever useful spittle, she wiped the dust from her shoes and obtained quite a polish, afterwards holding her dress tight against her shins to get a full view of her feet. She next put her foot on a chair, raised her clothing to her knees, pulled down her stocking and brought from the leg thereof a wad of greenbacks, from which she selected one or two notes, and replaced the wad in her stocking, refastened the garter, put her foot to the floor, and adjusted her clothing by a vigorous and eccentric shake, with side squeezes and pats on the bustle to insure symmetry in the rear. She unfastened some lumps of hair that were on her forehead, and with a few dexterous movements of her fingers was in possession of a most artistic and fashionable bang; one that met her arched eyebrows and gave a delightfully coquettish glamour to her roguish black eyes. A few hair pins were jabbed in at odd places, and she placed her hat on, twisting the brim, and shifting the feather until the effect pleased her. Her toilet completed, the lady pulled a tan colored kid glove partially on one hand, seated herself in a chair, took the dog in her lap, leaned languidly back, crossed her

feet—exposing them slightly from under her dress—rested her elbow on the table, and summoned Cum Sing to her by the usual signals with the salt cellar.

When Cum Sing entered, confused at the change in the appearance of his guest, he looked around in a wondering, dazed way, to see from whence she obtained the articles to so entirely metamorphose herself in so short a time. Seeing no trunks or hat boxes, he was in a reverie as to whether or not she was gifted with occult powers that she might possibly use to his disadvantage, when she aroused him by saying,

"John, I want you to understand that I am a perfect lady." (John in the West is the name given and answered to by all Chinamen.)

"All lite, me sabee," said cautious Cum Sing.

"John," said the lady, "I am a lady, and I pays my way, and don't want nothing from nobody."

"All lite, me sabee," said Cum Sing, fully convinced of the truth of the lady's latter assertion after the marvellous and mysterious change in her appearance.

"John," continued the lady, "I leave my satchel and dog here; his name is 'Beauty.' I don't want you feed him, it make him sick. Don't let him out or he be lost, he all we have to remember our mother by, and if he lost, I have four brothers who will walk five hundred miles to kill you if he is lost here."

"All lite, me sabee," answered Cum Sing, with a wish for a burglar proof safe to lock Beauty in until his mistress returned.

The lady kissed Beauty, gave some parting pats to

her bustle, and left the room with Cum Sing. That confused celestial pinned up the door to safely confine Beauty, and as he started for the kitchen, he was again halted:

"John, anybody here sell lots, you sabee lots? I like buy lots." (Americans in talking with the Chinese affect this broken style, from a superstitious idea that they are speaking their language to a certain extent.)

Said Cum Sing, "All lite, me sabee; you sabee one man, Mis' Clandal? him sell lots."

Queried the lady, "Where his office?"

"No hab got office, maybe so you fine him in s'loon; maybe so him play'g poker; maybe so him in huldy-house;* him name Mis' Clandal, ebbybody know Mis' Clandal, him welly good man; him agent for Company; him sell lots."

Both the "perfect lady" and Cum Sing turned to go their ways, when again was he halted by:

"Say, John, if any one come see me, you tell 'em wait little while."

"All lite, me sabee. What your name?"

"Oh, my name Mrs. Salsberry."

"All lite, your name Miss Sallis Bellee."

The lady turned and said angrily:

"I said my name *Mrs. Salsberry.*"

"Me sabee, Miss Sallis Bellee."

"Look here, John," said the incensed woman, "you no call my name right, my name S-a-l-s-b-e-r-r-y, Salsberry, now you sabee?"

"Yes, yes, me sabee, your name Miss Sallis Bellee. Me no forget, me sabee, Sallis Bellee him your name.

* Hurdy House.

Welly good, somebody come, me tell 'em Miss Sallis Bellee come bye-an-bye."

The woman's eyes snapped as she approached Cum Sing more closely, and her shapely hand was doubled as if to give him a blow, but when within striking distance, she changed her mind. She probably saw, from his vacant stare, that her name was unpronouncable by him, for she turned, and walked rapidly out and towards the store. Cum Sing gazed at his lady guest until she disappeared, and then adjourned to the kitchen where Hi Sing and Lo Sing were preparing the evening meals. He dropped on the bottom of a bucket as if exhausted, and, talking as much to himself as to the others, said:

"All lite, me sabee, she lady, she no want nutting, she hab got ebbyting, her name Miss Sallis Bellee, her got fo' bludders, she get off stage, she got olee hat, olee shoe, olee d'less, her face all duttee, her hands all duttee, no hab got hair, no hab got t'lunk, no hab got walise, no hab got tow'l, no hab got soap, no hab got shoe blacking, no hab nutting. All lite. She go p'livate loom, one hap hour she callee me, she hab got new d'less, hab got new shoe, hab got new hat, hab got blacelet, hab got lings on hands, hab got big chain on neck, hab got watch lite here (striking his breast), her face all wash, her hands all wash, her face all white, her lings all lite, Je Cli! wha' maller Miss Sallis Bellee, me no sabee Miss Sallis Bellee, me tink she clazy.

This supposition of Cum Sing's was the decision invariably reached by his countrymen when they saw anything odd or eccentric in anyone. "Him clazy"

was a finality, and once that conclusion was reached, the matter was no longer discussable. Cum Sing ceased muttering and wandered into the dining-room, slit one of the seams in the wall of the private room, and held his eye to the opening until he had assured himself that nothing had been surreptitiously taken therefrom or added to its contents.

The lady, meanwhile, had reached the store, after creating an unusual amount of interest and conjecture on the street as to who she was, where from, and her business in Calabazas. She was not recognized as the lady delivered from the stage; she, fairy like, had sprung from the earth. If Queen Victoria, in her royal regalia, had entered that store, there would not have been more confusion than there was before this lady possessed of a consummate knowledge of men, and the value of first impressions. She very sweetly apologised to the store-keeper for disturbing him, and asked if he could inform her of the whereabouts of a "Mr. Clandall," the land agent. The storekeeper did not know just where Crandall was at that moment, but would inquire. A dozen loungers volunteered to hunt him up; one man evidently badly struck and anxious to please, said, "H—l! ma'am, wait for a minnit and I'll dig up that bloat for you in no time." The lady thanked him, gracefully seated herself upon a sugar barrel on which a paper had been gallantly spread, and patiently awaited the return of her courier.

In an incredibly short time—for Calabazas—Crandall was seen approaching the store in company with several of the loungers, his arm being held by the emphatic gentleman that had called him a "bloat."

They may have used threats,or monetary, or mescal inducements; or they may have excited his imagination by assertions that the Presidentess, or Mrs. Astor, instantly desired his presence, to reward him for capturing the "Kid," or for his general worthiness. But however they obtained him, he was coming without loss of time. Crandall did not have a joyous look; to the contrary, his face was not as high colored as usual, and the nervous twitching of his eyes indicated much uneasiness, to say the least.

If Crandall was frightened, it was with a fear not at all censurable under the circumstances; for when a strange lady sends after a man in a frontier town, it is a serious matter—for the man. Men and women drift into these places from everywhere or anywhere, and seldom meet acquaintances. No one knows the former complications of their lives, therefore, when they are inquired after by a stranger, the inclination to skip away unseen is overpowering; an inquiring lady is assumed to be a nemesis, and necessarily one to be carefully reconoitered before meeting. Consequently it was somewhat difficult for a strange lady to interview a gentleman in Calabazas, until after her motives were known. This lady had given no inkling of hers, hence Crandall's disinclination to meet her too abruptly.

Drinkwater, as soon as he was informed that there was a lady at the store who wished to see Crandall, and that she had given neither her name nor business, saddled his horse and started on a full gallop to the Line to intercept a band of smugglers. To confuse and throw the smugglers off their guard, he told the

saloon-keeper under the Custom House that his destination was Tubac, and that he might keep on to Tucson, or still farther north until he caught the revenue robbers. Drinkwater (or "Drinky") was not a man to take chances, and a deep laid scheme to entrap him by means of his friend Crandall might be the lady's true object.

No sooner was Crandall introduced to the lady, however, than he was put at ease, for she wished to know if he had any eligible lots for sale. In a moment he was as lively as a chipmunk, and an unceasing flow of words, spoken in laudation of Calabazas, deluged that lady. He concluded by asking her to view the property, assuring her that he would, "being as it was herself," give her a special bargain. He was so relieved to find that the lady desired to see him on no personal matter that he would have presented her with a lot if she had requested it. The lady said that she "was agreeable, but," looking around her, she "wished it to be understood by all that she was a perfect lady, able to pay her way, and didn't want nothing from nobody;" to which statement her listeners assented, after taking a mental inventory of her jewelry and wearing apparel.

The lady left the store with Crandall, sweeping the floor with her dress, as it swayed from side to side with a grace and dignity not before seen in Calabazas. Crandall was enthusiastically attentive and voluble. It was the proudest moment he had known since the "Kid" incident, and he did not fail to escort the lady to see every lot within the city limits. The lady was hard to please. One lot was too close to a saloon "for

a lady." Another lot was in hearing distance of a hurdy-house, which would be "annoying to a perfect lady." Another lot, eligible other ways, was next to a gambling house. After viewing each lot from different angles, with many inquiries as to where would be the business centre of the city, etc., the lady declared that none was suitable but the one next to the gambling tent, and that one "a lady" could not think of buying on any account.

Many hours were consumed in convincing the lady that the "Golden Fleece," the gambling house aforesaid, was as quiet as a church. Handsome George, the proprietor, was widely known as a man of hasty revolver action and great nerve. The handles of his old pistols had been notched until disfigured, and he had just invested in a new pair, which he would begin notching the first difficulty that occurred in his house. Curly Pete, of the Coliseum, and Bottle Bob—so named from his predeliction for smashing beer bottles over the heads of fractious customers—of the Pantheon, and Casino Harry, of the Big Casino hurdy-house; these with Handsome George constituted the upper stratum of Calabazas society; and they assured the lady that she would find George a quiet neighbor, and one that "no durned jay could get the drop on." Upon the personal guarantee of George, who was a handsome man of perfect manners, that no noise from his place should disturb her, she finally concluded to buy this lot. Her decision reached, she was not long in beating Crandall down from six hundred to one hundred dollars for that valuable corner, and instructed him to fill up the deed.

Crandall now felt justified in expending some money in entertaining his customer. He accordingly asked the lady if she would not refresh herself; the lady graciously said, "as it was a warm day," that she would take beer. He secured a bottle of iced beer and two glasses from the Golden Fleece, and they adjourned to the rear room of the store to prepare the deed. They drank mutual healths, and by the time the lady had emptied the bottle, he had filled up the deed, which she examined closely, and by her questions and the corrections insisted upon, showed that she was perfectly able to take care of herself in business transactions.

The deed corrected to her satisfaction, she requested Crandall to step out for a moment, which that suspicious party did, carrying the deed with him. In a short time he was recalled, and the lady, unrolling the wad of currency that had just been taken from her stocking, handed him his money, received the deed, and, bidding him good night, returned to the hotel. The sight of so much money made the room whirl before Crandall's eyes, and from that moment he was her devoted slave.

During her absence, Cum Sing had kept strict watch and ward over the "p'livate loom;" and frequent applications of his eyes to the slit in the partition, convinced him that no mysterious changes were taking place in that respectable apartment. Beauty being a dog of education and advanced age, had slept the whole afternoon, therefore Cum Sing was in a composed and friendly state of mind. The majority of his boarders had eaten their supper, leaving him leisure to attend

the lady. As she entered the door, he suavely invited her to be seated at a table, and made himself social and agreeable by saying:

"How do, Miss Sallis Bellee, how you like Calabas? How you like Mis' Clandal?"

The lady, eyeing Cum Sing impressively, said:

"See here, John, you no call my name right. You call me lady—that all," continuing, "you bring lamp to little room, I want some supper."

She turned, cast a scornful glance at a few men who were giggling at Cum Sing's mispronunciation of her name, and sailed majestically to the private room, which was soon brilliantly illuminated with a hand lamp. The privacy of this room was entirely a matter of imagination or faith, for everything said in one room could be heard in the other, and after lamp-light a person would have been as private on the public street. The lady however appeared to be satisfied with its privacy. She removed her gloves and hat, fondled Beauty for a moment, and, turning to Cum Sing, who was patiently awaiting her supper order, the following conversation took place:

"John, I like supper, what you got?"

"All lite, hab got plenty ebbyting, what you likee?"

"What kind soup you got, John?"

"Hab got maccalony soup, hab got noodle soup, hab got weg'table soup, hab got———."

"This Friday, John, you no got oyster soup?"

"No oyster in Calabas, him all gone way."

"Well, bring me some broiled chicken and a rum omelette."

"No hab got b'loiled chicken, chicken he all die

dis-a-way" (here Cum Sing imitated a chicken with gapes or catarrh). "I no sabee lumlomlet."

"You no sabee take eggs, break them all up, beat with spoon, and cook all the same as pancake?"

"Yes, yes, me sabee, egg lomlet. Me no sabee lumlomlet. You likee egg lomlet?"

"Yes, bring me omelette."

"No more egg, him sun too hot, make eggs all lotten. Hab got condensed milk."

"Got roast beef?"

"No hab got loast beef; Pete-de-lancher, no sabee how cut loast beef, he make him all lib steak an all soup bone."

"Well, then (despairingly) bring me a steak well done."

"No hab got steak, him fly lay egg on him steak and wum spile him, maybe so Pete-de-lancher come tomolla."

"You got sardines?"

"No hab got soldines, s'loon catch all him fum st'lore for lunch table." Brightening, "Hab got cod fish?"

"Have you any potatoes?"

"No hab got; g'lass all g'low out him eye and he spile."

"Well, my goodness, John, what you got to eat?"

"Hab got welly nice beans, welly nice bacon, welly nice licee, welly nice b'lead and c'lacker, welly nice tea, welly nice coffee, welly nice sullup, welly nice ebbyting you like."

"Well, John, bring me anything you like, I awful hungry and tired."

"Alle lite, me sabee, lady, me b'ling you welly nice supper."

And so he did. In a little while he brought the hungry woman a dish of bacon slices fried to a crisp in batter, with watercresses on the side; a dish of rice cooked as only the Chinese can cook it; a few slices of buttered toast, a can of sardines, obtained from some saloon, and a fresh and refreshing pot of tea; not forgetting a side dish of that standard delicacy, brown beans with a piece of fat pork nestling in the center of the dish.

When Cum Sing set the fare before Mrs. Salsberry, a look of surprise and pleasure appeared on her face, for she had resigned herself to expect crackers and stale tea. With the quickness of his race, her host noticed the pleased look, and having no one else to attend to, exerted himself to both the entertaining and the supplying of her wants. As she ate, Cum Sing kept up a running fire of suggestions as "You like soldines? him welly good, I buy um *for you;* him welly nice tea; you d'link p'lenty, putty soon you no more ti'ed."

These advances and suggestions being graciously received, Cum Sing became more familiar, as is customary with his race, and asked his guest a great many questions; for be it understood that the heathen Chinese has as much inquisitiveness as the American, if he is encouraged in the least. So, between his pushing the dishes closer to her hands, and his suggestions, he made a great many inquiries. "If she was mallied?" "Was she going to lib in Calabas?" "How she like Calabas?" "How she like Mis' Clandal?"

"What she going to do in Calabazas?" etc., etc., to which questions he received answers from the lady couched in general terms, which left him as wise as before.

The lady's appetite was soon appeased, and she sipped her tea leisurely after doing full justice to Cum Sing's really excellent meal; but she had entirely neglected the beans; not to eat beans was a sure sign—in Calabazas—of failing health; this neglect of the succulent beans did not escape the eagle eye of Cum Sing, and he pushed them before her saying:

"You no likee beans? him welly good."

"No, John, I full now, I no care for beans."

"What for you flaid? Him beans all lite, him no make you ti'ed.

"No, John, I no more hungry."

"Me sabee, you plenty flaid; you likee, you eat. Huldy-house lady eat beans allee time, my beans no make you feel solly."

The lady still refusing to partake of the beans in spite of Cum Sing's strong encomiums, and having finished her cup of tea, he began to clear the table. When he had the dishes piled and prepared to remove them, the lady said:

"John, you have bed," of course referring to a bedroom for herself, or to some sleeping place, but the question aroused all of Cum Sing's former belief in her being "clazy," for he eyed her suspiciously and answered:

"Hab got bed."

"All right, John, then you fix it up for me."

"No got loom," said Cum Sing distantly. "Me

and my bludder and my cousin, all sleep one bed in kitchen."

Mrs. Salsberry looked curiously into Cum Sing's vacant face for a moment, while a shade of annoyance flitted over her own, and said :

"I no want your bed ; you keep hotel, I want bed-room ; you sabee ? "

"Oh ! all lite, me sabee. Me keep g'lub hotel, no keep bed hotel. Sometime one man come, him got blanket, him sleep on flo', me no make him pay money. You hab got blankets ? "

It would not have at all surprised Cum Sing if at this moment Mrs. Salsberry had ordered him out, and in five minutes had recalled him to see a full set of furniture ; but she answered " No," and followed by asking :

" Where ladies sleep in Calabazas, John ?"

" No lady come Calabas befo'. Huldy-gals she sleep in huldy tent ; sometime she fight and she get dlunk, then she sleep in collel." (Corral.)

Cum Sing's answer put Mrs. Salsberry in a deep study. After a moment she said :

"John, you get me blankets, I make bed in here. You very good man, and I sick ; I can't sit up all night."

Feeling flattered, and it being evident that the lady had no designs upon him, Cum Sing's naturally good heart softened, and he remarked :

" Me go lound and see, maybe so can find cot." With these words he disappeared.

The woman took up Beauty, tied a handkerchief around his neck, made him sit up and beg, make a

bow and kiss his paw to her, which that educated animal did with so much grace and perfection that she gave him a squeeze and kiss, then a plate full of bread soaked in condensed milk, which she had laid aside for him while eating her own supper.

Cum Sing meantime scoured the town, going to one place to borrow a cot for "welly lich lady;" to another to borrow some blankets for a "welly high-toned lady;" and a mattress was borrowed from the store for a "welly sick lady." Cum Sing brought them to the private room with great satisfaction. He placed the cot in the room, extemporised a pillow by filling a barley sack with hay, evolved a pair of sheets from some spare cotton cloth, and altogether made quite an enticing bed for a tired person.

The lady appreciated his efforts, and "Johned" him, and praised his supper and bed to his heart's content. No people are more susceptible to flattery than the Chinese, and no people take offence more quickly at an imposition; though they are generally too polite and tactful to let their anger show itself very plainly. A person used to dealing with them, can always tell when they are displeased by a sickly smile, peculiar to that people, and with which they hide any excess of feeling that they may not consider it polite or advisable to show. In consequence of the lady's flattery, Cum Sing began to have a much better opinion of her than he had formed from first impressions.

He cleared the table, and bade Mrs. Salsberry a hearty goodnight; telling her not be "flaid," because "allee men sleeping in big loom welly good men." He then went into the big room and warned those

rolled up in their blankets not to make any noise, because there was a "welly sick lady in plivate loom," which information was enough to drive the sleep from the eyes of those worthy gentlemen until almost daylight.

As there was no light in the large room, and there was a light in the private room, fine silhouettes of the "sick lady" and her movements were depicted upon the cotton walls of said room. Of this the lady was no doubt unaware, or was too much occupied with other thoughts to notice, for she prepared herself for her night's rest with the same carelessness that one would if surrounded by walls of triple steel. No sooner had Cum Sing, in mistaken kindness for the lady, warned them to be quiet, and left the dining room, than these "welly good men," who had been silently cursing the parties in the private room for not putting out the light and going about their business; with a unanimity of action really marvelous, stealthily unrolled themselves from their blankets, supported their bodies on their elbows, and glued their several eyes upon the walls of that private room. What did they see upon those walls?

First—the outlines of a shapely woman, whose hands were hovering here and there around her neck and waist; suddenly ragged outlines broke the symmetry of her bosom and waist, something was torn away, and the shadow hands carried a shapeless bundle to the back of a shadow chair.

Next view—the hands fumbling around the waist, and something slowly wrinkles, folds, and convolutes until it reaches the floor, and there embanks itself

around the lady's feet. She steps from the fallen drapery, and then every individual "welly good man" sits bolt upright, and gazes so intently that not even an involuntary wink is permitted to interrupt the delicious view, for the shadows of a most shapely pair of ankles and plump pair of calves are sharply outlined on canvas as supporting the larger shadow. These fill out and complete the picture, adding piquancy to the deeply interesting, entrancing views, and causing the heads of the "welly good nem" to swim.

A sudden confusion of gymnastically mixed up shadows, and the fallen garment is placed upon a chair. The rounded arms of the distracting silhouette are lifted high above her head; like a flash they disappear leaving two knobs at the shoulders where they formerly hung. As quickly do they reappear, tearing something from the waist. A shapeless shadow now replaces the symmetry of the upper form. In the shadow's hands something is held at arms' length, it looks like a large, clumsy hour glass; this the hands roll up and deposit on the table.

The shadow now sits down. Those delightful feet are pushed under the chair until the toe tips only touch the floor; the body is doubled over the table as of one suffering from cramps, and the ever busy hands are seen dabbing at something on the table, and are then carefully and caressingly passed over the shadow's face. Another dab on the table, and each arm is as tenderly passed over; the fingers work a few minutes around the forehead, and a few shadowy warts take the place of the expansive and expressive bangs that

"THE WELLY GOOD MEN WATCH
THE WELLY SICK LADY"

had added beauty to the pictures—but the lovely extremities are still in sight. Again the arms go high above the head and disappear as before; they reappear holding a long, fluffy something that is slowly drawn through the one closed hand by the other several times, and then laid upon the table. A similarly fluffy something that hangs behind the head suddenly appears as a lump on the back of the shadow's head; a few pats and jabs from the shadow's hands, and the lump is left to its own devices.

The shadow arises; its shapeliness and graces are now confined to the ravishing shadow ankles, and calves; one of the feet is raised and placed upon a chair; the "welly good men" forget to breathe, and are dangerously near suffocation. A few movements of the busy fingers, and a shadowy shoe is held in hand, examined, and laid on the floor. The other foot is raised to the chair; the hearts and lungs of the "welly good men" are swelled to bursting with suppressed excitement and want of breath. The stillness is appalling; a feather dropped in the room would reverberate like a peal of thunder. The shadow fingers are again busied, a shoe removed, held, examined, laid beside the first, and the foot is lowered to the floor. The "welly good men" persistently refuse to breathe, Great Heavens! the muscles of their chests might creak! they will not even wink, for fear that the clashing eyebrows may disturb their charmer. The shadow now lifts a something from the cot, and holds it to her face, rubs it, holds it at arms length, holds it to her face again, and lays it on the pillow at the head of the cot; it arises, stretches, turns around once or twice,

and is swallowed up in the larger shadow of the cot.

The shadow's hands now opened a shadow on the table, took therefrom a very small and compact shadow, which the hands held in front of her, and with a shake, from that bundle fell a long ruffled shadow that reached to the floor, the hands gathered this in folds, and again were held high above the head holding the folded ruffles; a few movements of the arms above, followed by an anxiously watched twitching at the waist by the fingers, and as a flash, ruffles were seen to fall from above, and the feet were again embanked within a wrinkled shadow of something that had at the same time fallen from the waist. The fascinating ankles had magically vanished. The shadow was now the resemblance of an uninteresting truncated sugar loaf, ruffled at top and bottom, and surmounted by a warty potato. The potato held itself over the lamp and darkness became visible in the private room; the "welly good men," sphinx-like, sat and gazed rigidly in the direction of the lady's room until her healthy snore broke the spell, and aroused them to the fact that all was over, and then—with a regretful and exhaustive sigh—they each lay down with a whispered "Well, I'm—blest!"

Many hours they devoted to inwardly vowing that during their sojourn in Calabazas, from early evening to the morning's dawn, would they be found at rest on Cum Sing's dining-room floor.

The following morning, after the sleepers had gone from the dining-room, and the apartment was being prepared for the morning meals, Mrs. Salsberry arose and arrayed herself in traveling garb. Her sound

night's rest had much refreshed her, and she did full justice to the meal prepared and brought to her by Cum Sing. She had finished her meal about as the returning stage for Tucson drove up next door at the Custom House. She called Cum Sing to her, paid his reasonable bill, adding fifty cents as an evidence of her appreciation of his attention; placed herself, Beauty, and the hand satchel in the coach, and departed in that ancient vehicle for Tucson.

Of course the departure of such a perfect, well dressed and self-contained lady, left a physical void in Calabazas, but this was amply repaid by her visit having given the citizens something to surmise and talk about, and a wearisome mental void had been thus filled.

It is said that if you boil and filter water, and leave the uncorked bottle containing it exposed to the air for a few days, that the water will be crowded with living things. In a like manner in the dry, dessicated atmosphere of Calabazas, a stranger's advent was followed quickly by a vague knowledge of the stranger, with name, history, object in coming, and business intentions. The rumers seemed to spring from the air, and each one retailing the stories claimed to have heard them from some one else. Therefore the lady was not well on her way to Tucson before it was reported that she was a widow. That she had come from some town in New Mexico to Tucson; that she had received five, ten, fifteen, twenty, thirty thousand dollars life insurance by her husband's death; that she intended erecting a commodious lodging house in Calabazas, and eventually to permit her body

to petrify—after death—in the alkaline soil of that attractive town.

Cum Sing endorsed everything wonderful connected with these rumors, having lively recollections of the mysterious change of appearance made while in the private room.

The "welly good men" endorsed all of the flattering rumors, because nothing too good could possibly be said of a lady possessing such extremities.

Crandall added to all he heard. According to his account she was a walking sub-treasury; the wad of green-backs, from which she had paid for the lot, convinced him that all of her angularities were rounded out with a padding of currency. Her fine figure was solely due to cunningly distributed wads of legal-tender notes; and, moreover, she was a perfect lady, for she had put on no style, and had taken beer in preference to water; which fact alone would have established her standing as a lady in Crandall's mind. Mrs. Salsberry had staid but one afternoon and night, and her conversation had been solely upon business. Then where did these rumors originate? from the vernacular of Calabazas, echo answers, "quien sabe?" The fertility of the Calabazan mind compensated for the aridity of the soil.

A week passed. Mrs. Salsberry had been talked over and almost forgotten by all but the "welly good men" and Crandall, when a freight wagon drew up to her lot and unloaded thereon a quantity of furniture, lumber, and several bundles of canvas. The next morning's stage brought the lady and Beauty. In an hour after her arrival she had contracted with

carpenters to put up her tents, and by nightfall a tent with wooden sides was erected, carpeted, and tastefully furnished. A curtain divided the tent, the front portion of which was to be a reception room in which to receive her company. Handsome George, Curly Pete, and Bottle Bob had proffered their services and the freedom of Calabazas, and Crandall had paid her such attention as she was entitled to by reason of the possession of wads of greenbacks; which attention was his unremitting presence from the time of her arrival until dark.

The next day the carpenters were busily engaged in putting up the frame-work and laying the floor for a large wall tent. Mrs. Salsberry showed her self-reliance and knowledge of what she wanted, by unflinchingly standing around in the sun giving the workmen directions. It was evident that she was no "pilgrim" or "tenderfoot," which fact the carpenters soon found out and ceased the wearisome flow of suggestions that pass from mechanic to employer. The framework completed, its sides were boarded up, and it was covered with canvas. A glass door and two windows were framed into the front. On either side of the door was a room, carpeted, and containing a set of painted furniture. One room being a bridal chamber, as it were, and the other for visiting capitalists, etc., whose great wealth would enable them to pay the widow's price for such a sybaritic apartment.

Around the interior walls were small, cloth partitioned, windowless rooms, furnished with soul destroying mattresses and pillows, for those who wished to be profane, at a moderate cost. In the tent's center

was a double row of bunks—called the "corral"—for laborers who carried blankets. The rooms had unpainted doors fastened by complicated locks, as a precaution against burglars; the partitions presumably being proof against such gentry. The doors were numbered, giving a *genre* appearance to the interior that revived disagreeable memories in the minds of those Calabazans that had served terms in the various penitentiaries.

None but the two front rooms were provided with toilet appliances; the other lodgers were entitled to the free and untrammelled use of the tin basins on the bench at the rear of the tent. A piece of indurated, metamorphosed, raspy and latherless soap laid at each basin for those who wished to rub the dirt into their skins, and two morose towels, non-absorbent, and with an elasticity and polish equalling Russia iron, were provided to distribute the water evenly over the face. A bone comb and a brush, the bristles of which wilted upon the slightest provocation, were securely held in place by dog chains, beside each towel. An "olla" supplied drinking water—when not empty,— and a barrel more or less—generally less—full of water stood near for washing purposes. A saloon hanger-on (named Jack, of course), was engaged as chambermaid and general utility man, in consideration of the use of a corral bunk and an occasional twenty-five cents. On the front of this addition to Calabazan palaces, was the legend, "Grand Central Hotel."

Handsome George and Curly Pete, were, in consideration of their nerve, hasty action, and distinguished social standing, given the front rooms at a

reduced rental *provided* that in case of connubial complications being initiated between Calabazas couples, or when capitalists, etc., came to spy out the land, they were to temporarily resign those imperial apartments; for as the sagacious Mrs. Salsberry remarked, "A widow must make hay while the sun shines—in Calabazas," which meant that she had no conscientious scruples about despoiling the verdant stranger within her gates. Everything around her hotel was as clean as could be expected—in Calabazas. She subscribed freely to local charities. She paid her bills promptly and without grumbling, and was a generous employer to Jack, who was her most unselfish adorer. She dressed so stylishly as to be a credit to the town, and while maintaining her dignity conformed, in a measure, to the social customs of the place. Cum Sing placed a table in the private room for her sole use, and decorated it with his most choice linen and table ware. He had become possessed with the idea that she was sick, because of her otherwise unwarrantable abstinence from the agitating Calabazas bean; therefore he supplied her with every delicacy of the Calabazas market, which accounted for the maintained roundness of her form in spite of the tissue wasted by the extreme heat.

The rooms of the Grand Central were soon taken. The "welly good men" hastened to engage rooms; Bottle Bob had one that he might keep an eye on George and Pete; the store-keeper rented one "to encourage the lady;" Drinky improvised a private inebriate asylum from one; and Crandall had one, for, by all means, he must keep in touch with the lady of multitudinous wads.

It was soon found that the "perfect lady" could take perfect care of herself, no assistance was required from the nervy, hasty-tempered George or Pete, for she was equally nervy and hasty. Grumblers were unceremoniously ejected; for, as she remarked in chaste and ungrammatical terms, "I haven't any use for a —— growl. Calabazas aint Paradise, and I don't keep a milk and honey boarding house, with a gold harp for each boarder, and I aint going to give no silk sheets twice a week to nobody." Which remarks were never considered as having any bearing on the points in dispute, except as to the first few words. If a drunken railroad laborer was noisy, and failed to heed her warning to be quiet, the "perfect lady" soon had him by the collar dragging him to the door, to his great astonishment and sobering, meanwhile reiterating that she was "a lady, and didn't care nothing for nobody." Should he be belligerent, and refuse to be ejected, those soft, delicate, flexible hands, with a quickness that defied the eye, extracted a revolver from some portion of her apparel, and that weapon would emphasize her demand that he make himself scarce "quicker an a wink, for I am a lady, and won't be imposed on"—and she wouldn't be. It may be set down as an absolute certainty that she never returned the ejected a cent, even if his sojourn had been for five minutes only, and she demanded payments strictly in advance.

After Drinky and Crandall had viewed several forcible ejectments, they seriously considered giving up any marital attempts upon the wad, and signified that for economical reasons solely, they might in the not remote

future change their lodgings. The widow calmly intimated that, being as they were amongst her first friends, she had a warm feeling for them, therefore their removal would be considered a breaking off of friendly relations, and, with a glittering of her black eyes, when a *friend* threw off on her, there was always trouble and he had no luck afterward. Drinky and Crandall had many serious talks over the matter, but retained their rooms, with grievous twinges whenever they paid her the precious money that should go to swelling their Mescal fund.

The widow, as a means to an end, was inclined to be social. The hurdy-girls were very well, "but a perfect lady," etc. Lucky Smith's wife could spare no time from his accidental bedside, so, perforce, the widow invited the gentlemen leaders of Calabazas society to spend occasional evenings in her private tent. Now the education of the higher classes of Calabazas having been neglected, a social evening was devoted to drinking cocktails ordered from George's, Pete's, or Bob's, in proper sequence and without favoritism, in discussing the merits or early death of some nervy man of hasty temper and slow action; or in a game of cards, short cards with stakes; it would be a fatal hoodoo for a sport to play cards for mere pastime. The widow took her drinks in a perfunctory manner, unstuck-up, so to say. She never talked of the nervy men, for she "never was in a town like Calabazas before." Cards—well, she would play; but, oh! dear! now really! she *just knew* she would mix everything."

The storekeeper, Drinky, and Crandall soon ceased

to attend their landlandy's seances. It wearied them exceedingly to have her timidly ask, "What is a raise?" or "If she could open a jack-pot with queens?" and after several raises draw a card and show down three queens, or after all three reaching at the same time for a fat "jacker," to have the widow say, "Just for fun, explain my hand; what does three tens and two kings beat?" and have to pass the pot over to her. The widow not only had wonderful luck, but a profitable aptitude for "just by purest accident," keeping the proper cards and asking misleading questions. After these avaricious gentlemen had seen much Mescal money melt away from their gaze and go to the widow's unreachable wad, they sadly withdrew from her socials, for as they said, "The widow played her cards very close to her stomach for a novice."

George, Pete and Bob never faltered in their attendance. The widow exhibited such a flattering preference for their company, that they soon had the field to themselves. Their devotion was not absolutely free from monetary considerations, for each had privately made Crandall repeat many times his account of the numberless wads of greenbacks she had exposed to his gaze; besides, they could not be deceived in the value of her personal adornments and Calabazas investments. Nor could it be denied that the widow was plump, handsome, stylish, and currently reported to have a well turned ankle and calf,—something not to be despised as matrimonial assets. The widow, when questioned about her affairs, indirectly of course, smiled innocently and kept her own council; but

somehow the questioner would be impressed that half had not been told concerning her wealth.

Occasionally some middle aged capitalist traveling through Calabazas, would be taken suddenly ill—after catching sight of the widow—and pass the next few afternoons, very much to her financial profit, in her private tent, convalescing and relieving his pain by games of cards or bottles of champagne, accompanied with much hilarity and many humorous and fetching jokes, all with intent to "mash" the widow. But the correct widow would, at an early evening hour, herd the invalid into the larger tent, there to plan his amatory campaign for the next day, while she, with Beauty, retired to sleep the sleep of the virtuous and the wide awake. Such events seriously annoyed the three admirers, and they would survey the gray haired capitalist with a griping scorn, or make caustic remarks about the widow "playing his old jags for a sucker" or that they "could hear his brains rattle when he walked."

It gave the widow the most exquisite pleasure to flirt with "sporty" commercial travelers, if (?) they were at all fresh. One of this gentry—fancy goods line—was returning from a trip through Mexico. He was absolutely gorged with obtrusive self conceit, and with an abiding faith that his conversational powers and elegance of person were irresistable to the gentler sex. With this particular gentleman, the widow had what is popularly termed a "picnic." She was an impressive lady, who, as I have said, estimated herself at her full value, and perfectly understood human nature. She never failed to enter the Palace Hotel

after the stage coach arrived, and always had the excellent judgment to wait until the guests were seated, and the raw edge taken from their appetites, then she would float to the private room, leaving the new arrivals stunned at seeing such a marvel of beauty, style and wealth in Calabazas. How the little beady eyes of this Drummer drank in the vision; with what anxiety did he question Cum Sing, while pretending to give an order to that worthy, smothering his words with the food shovelled into his gluttonous mouth without intermission, and swallowed in lumps. "She keep G'lan Cent'al loom house in Calabas," says Cum Sing. Enough. His baggage was taken from the coach and a postal sent to his employer saying, "sickness compels me to lay over a couple of days, but I expect to do some business."

He lounged around the town for an hour, and then started for his real objective point—The Grand Central Hotel. As he strolled along he took his dicer hat off and brushed it with his sleeve. Moistening his finger with spittle, he arranged a cute little bang. He ran a comb through his moustache and twisted the ends to a fascinating curve, polished the glass amethyst ring that almost hid one finger, rubbed up the cluster of Alaska diamonds that ornamented his shirt front, fillipped the specks from his vest and coat lappels, flirted the dust from his shoes, discovered a black silk handkerchief in an obscure pocket and put it in the side pocket of his cutaway coat, permitting the corner to project, showing a complicated monogram of red silk, ran the soiled handkerchief over the massive, rolled gold locket and chain that hung across his

vest, at one end of which was a Waterbury watch, and at the other a cigar cutter, viewed himself in a small advertising mirror about the size of a silver dollar, shoved his hat on the back of his head, and slightly to one side, rakiskly exposing the killing bangs, inserted the unringed hand into the hip pocket —a dangerous practice in Calabazas—and reached the Grand Central before he had found time to clean his finger nails. It is an extraordinary thing that these gentlemen *never* have time to clean the dirt from their finger nails. Do they keep their fingers in mourning for lost opportunities? Is it the sacred soil of Syria, that they value it so highly? or is it because they are determined never to lose any of the earth that is once in their possession? This is an interesting problem, and should be the subject of ethnological research.

Our Drummer reached the door, a rap brought Jack, who slowly eyed him from head to foot.

"Any private room?"

"I dunno."

"Can I see the lady?"

"I s'pose so, I'll call her."

The Palace Hotel vision presented herself. The beady eyes glistened and the perspiration broke from the Judaic forehead.

"I want a private room, the best you have." (This in a devil may care manner.)

"Please step in, sir," (showing him the bridal chamber) "how will this room suit?"

"Is this your best room?"

"Why, this is the best room south of Tucson."

(Pompously.) "Well, I'll take it. How much per night?" (They always say per.)

"Two dollars and a-half, please, in advance."

"All right, I'll take it," (in depressed tones.)

While the widow smoothed the bed and raised the curtain, our friend removed his coat, revealing his gorgeously flowered silk suspenders, and engaged himself in a conversation (tastefully decorated with the most killing smirks and glances) on the weather, the heat, and the tremendous business he had done on his trip, of how he had "played" two fellow drummers by stealing their advance cards, and calling on their customers; of how glad he was to be away from the fashionable whirl of San Francisco, where he is in constant demand on account of his many accomplishments; of how he is going into business when his brother collects some fire insurance; of the brilliant offers he had refused from rivals of the firm he condescended to travel for; of what a time he had to get away from a certain star actress. "How do you exist in Calabazas? Are there any theaters or balls? any clubs, etc.? No?"

Mrs. Salsberry listened and dusted the chairs while the Drummer talked. How well, how very well that lady knew him, though a stranger. With a timely smile to show her perfect teeth, a position in just the right light, a graceful posture to smooth a pillow, and she had the fellow hooked ready to land. She knew it, but in his inordinate vanity, he imagined the hook to be in her mouth. He examined the soap—Castile—didn't she have Belle-fleur? Had she no Turkish towels? Were the sheets perfectly clean? He must

have ice water, etc., etc. (Put one in Heaven and he would object to the creaking of the gate.) The widow, saying that he had the best she could supply, departed with two and a half dollars in hand and —prospects.

He examined the bed, punched the mattress, looked under the pillows, and examined the wash stand and bureau drawers for possible letters or forgotten valuables left by former occupants of the room. He drew two pictures of flash actresses from his gripsack, with dedications written by himself to himself—and leaned them against the mirror. An imitation Russia leather travelling case, displaying a bewildering array of toilet samples with imitation ivory handles, was placed on the bureau. With a self-satisfied air he then hung his hat on the back of his head, put on his coat, and strolled around, looking into the rooms under a pretence of looking for the landlady, but really, to possibly catch a female occupant unawares. He finally wandered through the back door and saw the beautiful widow sitting in her private tent, sewing. He advanced, leaned against her door jamb, twisted his irresistible moustache, and remarked:

"Awful dead town. Can I come in here and write? I won't get in your way."

"Bring your things right in, Calabazas *is* dull," answered the widow brightly.

He hurried in his materials, ostentatiously spread out his books and papers on the table, and began his siege of the widow's heart by chipperly asking:

"Do you object to smoking?"

"Certainly not! I love the smell of a good cigar."

Out came an imitation tortoise-shell cigar case, from which he took a cigar—Havana, a *Drummer* smokes no other. A rolled gold matchbox, elaborately stamped, and studded with Alaska diamonds, was next produced, a wax taper was extracted and his cigar was lighted, and while, with fascinating recitals, in which he was the hero, and playful badinage, he amused the widow, the fumes of his cigar spread like a poisonous pall over the city of Calabazas. The smoke of this choice cigar was smelt in Nogales ten miles distant by Pete-the-rancher—but the wind favored him.

By supper time he had fully informed the widow of all the reckless expenditures, dissipations, and amatory conquests that had "blazeed" him, but had written no letters. She had met his advances with composure, and graciously accepted his invitation to dine, for she "felt as if she had known him for years." After drinking a bottle of champagne as an appetizer, they adjourned to the private room of the Palace for dinner, where, during the meal he was so fastidious, and bulldozed Cum Sing so very much to that gentleman's disgust and displeasure, as to again create a suspicion in his mind that after all "Miss Sallis Bellee clazy, maybe so she going get mallied."

After dinner the widow invited the Drummer to spend the evening at her tent. The astute lady also privately sent Jack to tell Drinky "to come and see my canary bird." With many misgivings he put in his appearance, and was impressively introduced as "the United States Officer in charge of the Calabazas Custom House." The two were as brothers immedi-

ately. Drinky thought, "I can borrow;" the Drummer thought, "I can smuggle." After a conversation, confined to the Drummer, about his jewelry, each piece of which was a token of unrequited female affection, and his exceeding business astuteness, illustrated by many anecdotes, cards were mentioned—they always are by drummers. He knew a few card tricks,—oh! how the widow would like to see them. Jack was dispatched with fifty cents—of the Drummer's money— for cards; the waiting interval being filled with descriptive tales of the money won by him on the tricks, and of how his dexterity in performing the same had put a professional magician to shame at an exhibition before the Palestine Club, of which he is a valued member.

Jack brought the cards, and many tricks were performed with commendable skill—these fellows handle cards well in this way, but are too greedy to be successful gamblers. Having shown the tricks, the Drummer suggested a game of cards—they always will. Nothing but poker would do, there were too many or not enough persons for other games. The widow was willing, but didn't understand poker, and didn't care to play for stakes. Drinky was willing, but his funds were at the Custom House (?), and he couldn't play for stakes, so they concluded to play for beans. It was absolutely necessary that the Drummer should sit next to the widow to instruct her. Thirty minutes passed, enlivened only by a champagne cocktail—at the Drummer's expense—and the game languished, for the Drummer had won all of the beans. He now proposed small stakes, a nominal

ante and a limited raise, just to make the game interesting. Drinky objected, funds in safe — Custom House—book-keeper—keys, etc. The Drummer offered to lend him the amount needed to come in the game. His utter disregard of money would no doubt impress the charming widow favorably. He had a premonition also that Drinky and he would depart together.

Poker chips were sent for, and the new game was soon in full blast, with the usual poker accompaniments of cigars, cocktails, anecdote and reminiscence —all furnished by the Drummer. The widow won many pots, Drinky won many pots, and the Drummer won but few pots. No great sum was involved, but the Drummer devoted more time to his cards and less to anecdote and flattery; the small stakes rendered the game uninteresting to the loser. The Drummer proposed a higher ante and limit—they always will when losing. The widow modestly pulled out a well-filled purse, sufficient to cause his eyes to bulge with intense longing. Drinky borrowed more money from him, and the game started anew and in deadly silence. Cocktails became fewer. The widow filled bob-tailed flushes, fours, fulls and straight flushes in a miraculous manner, which if continued would leave her admirer nothing on the earth of the earth, but what was under his finger nails—a quantity truly, but not quite a farm.

The numerous cocktails, added to the Mescal taken before being invited to the widow's, together with his knowledge of the hopelessness of contending with that ravishing lady, when she played them from close to

her face, as well as the fact that he knew what money the Drummer had advanced him was as absolutely lost to the said gentleman as were the various sized pots won by the widow; all served to render Drinky nervous and hasty. Now this frame of mind may be good for a gun-fighter, but it means ultimate poverty to the poker player; consequentiy, when he was not losing to the unruffled widow he was letting the Drummer win some of his own money back. The Drummer soon noticed that when Drinky made a bet, the widow was called out by Jack, or neglected to see a raise, and was barred out to her advantage.

As the Drummer's rare winnings from Drinky were overwhelmed by his losses to the fair widow, all ideas of love and mashing vanished from his bosom; by some secret sympathy, as his dollars disappeared from his pocket the perspiration appeared on his forehead. The faster the dollars the more profuse the sweat, until he bade fair to vanish in a mist when his last dollar should have been staked and lost. He tore up the cards and ordered a new pack. The widow generously ordered, as winner, and in commemoration of her luck, fresh cocktails. The Drummer related no more reminiscences; to the contrary, he did not wish to listen to any; poker should be played quietly—the loser hates any talk or disturbance. He began speaking abruptly to Drinky, and to tell him the value of cards and the art of betting, or to call on him shortly to bet his hand or lay it down. He had quit posting the widow, her luck was too phenomenal. He suspiciously rubbed the cards to detect punctures or thumb nail marks, and glowed

malevolently at the widow. He lost exasperatingly, the widow won smilingly, and Drinky borrowed complacently.

The widow sent for more cocktails, and the Drummer for new cards, and then proposed "jackpots," the last refuge and hope a Drummer has in a poker game. As a winner the lady was agreeable; as a borrower Drinky was indifferent, and the jack-pot loomed up in noble proportions. The limit was enlarged, but the size of the ante was kept inviolate, the Drummer was permitted to loosen his collar and necktie, and unbutton his vest, also to put on his hat and pull it down over his eyes. He changed chairs with Drinky, and intensified this exorcism of the hoodoo by walking around the chair three times before seating himself and continuing the game. Drinky had exhausted his credit with the Drummer, and borrowed from the "Kitty." A few more jack-pots—of which he felt sure of winning—was sufficient to exhaust the Drummer's cash, and he borrowed from the widow until he could send to Tucson for "coin"—they never say money.

The game slackened. Drinky had borrowed the whole "Kitty." The widow steadily refused to see a raise, and the Drummer could only win the ante—value ten cents. Unremitting play with unvarying winnings for his allotted span of life would not "even" him up at such a rate, and the game died of exhaustion. Another series of cocktails—the widow's treat—was sent for, and Jack detailed the glorious campaign to George. While waiting, the poker party discussed the game, the widow's luck, Drinky's lack of judg-

ment, and the Drummer's expert playing, but disastrous fortune. The winnings and losses were talked over—they always are—the Drummer doubled his losses in the telling. Drinky couldn't double his, for the Drummer knew exactly what he had loaned him. The widow was just "even" after paying for the cocktails—the winners are never more than this. All the money had taken wings and vanished into thin air—it always does in a poker game. The widow forgave all bets due from the table—the winners seldom do this. The parting cocktails were drank; she thanked the gentlemen for their company, and hoped they had spent a pleasant evening, and that the Drummer would always call on her when he visited Calabazas. The Drummer requested to be called early, as he had transacted his Calabazas business, and, bidding the delightful widow good night, they took their leave.

Drinky made a most particular and exact appointment with the Drummer to meet him at nine o'clock breakfast—to the minute—when he would return loans, shook that gentleman's hand with such a preternatural fervor that his arm was almost dislocated, and then retired to his bunk, and was asleep in five minutes. The Drummer, after first writing to his employers that, "Having found a fine physician in Calabazas, he was convalescent, and would be on his travels the following morning," removed his coat, lit a fresh cigar, and took out a business card. He sat upon the edge of the bed—a defeated poker player always sits there to figure up his losses—and made memoranda on the back of the card as follows:—

Disbursements:

Item	Drinkwater, cash	$50, secured by note.
"	Cocktails & Cigars,	5.00
"	Cards,	3.00
"	Sundries,	90.00
"	Dinner,	6.00

Assets:

Item	Nickel Watch,	$2.50
"	Corkscrew,	.25
"	Pinchbeck jewelry,	5.00
"	Cash,	none
"	Drinkwater's note	$100.00

(for loaned money and bets)

He rubbed his head and eyes, admired his nose and moustache in the glass, squeezed the blackheads from his chin, put out the light, and for hours laid wondering if he *really* was a jay, or had been played for a sucker. Of how he was going to get away from Calabazas. Of why he had stopped there at all. Until presently his mind was calmed by a hope of soon meeting a sucker to fleece—a hope that springs eternal in the Hebraic Drummer's breast, and serves to soothe him after poker losses. A knowledge that Drinkwater was indebted to him for one hundred dollars, which was as good as cash in hand (?), also tended to calm his mind; and he fell into as sweet a sleep as his aromatic breath would permit.

With the morning's dawn, Drinky was up. No dressing was required, for he never undressed. A sprinkle of water from the basin, spread over his face by the polished roller towel, a rake off with the bone comb, and his morning toilet was complete. Although

he invariably retired late, he was an early riser, because abdominal and stomachic symptoms warned him that it was the early riser that allayed such pangs with the bracing cocktail, or alleviating Mescal. Strolling into the Golden Fleece, he shook dice with George for the drinks. If he had lost—but he won, and solaced his pangs. Crandall, who was an early riser, for frontier reasons also, dropped in and was invited to join, which he did without wasting time in preliminary refusals.

Having refreshed themselves, Drinky told Crandall the details of last night's poker game, as they walked to the Custom House. Reaching there, the former lost no time in going to the corral and saddling his horse; he then mounted, and requested Crandall to send him word by the down stage to Pete's-the-rancher when the Drummer departed. "Just tell the driver to say, Crandall wants you, and I will know it's all right." Crandall exhibited no surprise at the request, for these friendly offices they often did for each other in times of stress, hence no tedious explanation was needed. To others, Drinky said that he was on his way to the Line to intercept smugglers, who were expected to cross, and couldn't say when he would return.

Two hours before the stage was due, the Drummer arose, dressed, packed away his pictures of languishing actresses, and prepared his baggage for leaving; he did not pay any morning respects to his hostess, but rather avoided her charming and expensive presence; an absinthe cocktail steadied his nerves, and prepared him for breakfast.

At nine o'clock he seated himself in the Palace Hotel, after first gathering up all the late papers, one of which he laid on the table to read, and the others he sat on in case he should want them. He was somewhat surprised not to see Drinky at the appointed hour—though his failure to be present would have surprised no one else in Calabazas. Calabazas would have been surprised yet had he been there. He read until his breakfast was brought, and then folded the paper and sat upon it until he had eaten.

Breakfast was finished leisurely, and no Drinky. The stage would soon be due and no time was to be lost. Drinky, no doubt, being overwhelmed with government duties, had forgotten the engagement and trivial debt. Calling at the Custom House, the Drummer found Crandall its only occupant, and he, in answer to the Drummer's inquiries, informed him that Drinky had gone to the Line that morning to intercept smugglers.

"When will he return?"

"Couldn't say, it might be a week."

"Where would he find him at the Line?"

"I don't know, the Line's several hundred miles long."

The Drummer looked around, and seeing no safe, said:

"Well, Mr. Drinkwater promised me some money he owes me, and would have given it to me last night, but hadn't the keys of the safe."

Crandall was astonished, of course, that Drinky should owe money.

"Yes, I had the keys, but gave them to Mr. Drinkwater this morning."

The Drummer was now getting nervous.

"Well I have his note, is it good?"

"I consider it so," said Crandall.

"Would you cash it for ninety-five dollars?"

"I would, but my money is in the safe also."

"Where is the safe?"

"The safe! oh yes! that's in the saloon below. This upper floor is too weak to hold it."

"Well," said the desperate Drummer, "Take it for ninety dollars."

"I hav'nt the money about me."

"For eighty! seventy! sixty! fifty!" (excitedly) "well, forty dollars! don't say a word! you can forward twenty more when he pays, and call it square."

"Impossible, my money is locked in the safe."

"Can't you borrow enough?"

"*I* make it a practice *never* to borrow."

The Drummer began perspiring. God of Abraham and Moses! had he been mulcted by a gentile? had the Amalekite possessed himself of Israel's shoes? The stage came in and he helplessly saw it go out. He damned Drinkwater anatomically and specifically. He cursed the widow and the Calabazans root and branch, progenitors and descendants, their asses, their maid servants and their man servants. The down stage carried no message to Drinky from Crandall.

The Drummer started on a weary round to get Drinky's note discounted. All assured him that Drinky was "all right," and would pay the note on his return, but this was in accordance with the Calabazan *esprit de corps*. He could not raise the ridiculous amount of ten dollars upon the note, not five, not

one, not a cent! All were willing, but there was a dearth of ready cash, and plethora of locked safes, with keys in the hands of absent custodians. In his desperation he tried to pawn his samples—he could not even do that. Some offered to buy them, but to sell them would be skating over the legal safety line, which the cautious fellow would not do. As a last resource, he humbly called upon the widow and set forth his difficulties; she kindly advanced him five dollars and a night in the bridal chamber on Drinky's valuable autograph, and the next day he departed, neither a wiser nor a better man. After waiting a reasonable time, the widow handed Drinky his note, in consideration of ten dollars and—prospects.

The widow's having guile, energy, and "luck," diurnal additions were consequently made to the wad. George, Bob and Pete continued to patronize her, and furnished their company and liquid refreshments free. She treated the three gentlemen with equal urbanity, accepted their various gifts with equal disingenuousness; and pocketed their poker losses with equal exclamations over her good luck. She often dined with one or the other of them, and though each of the three men chivalrously gave the other every opportunity, it was noticed that they were not on such familiar terms as before. Of course they visited each other's saloons, and George'd, Pete'd and Bob'd each other, but still there was a something. Each would tell his intimate friends that the widow was "playing" the others *sure*, or that if George, or Pete, or Bob were "trying to play the widow they would get left."

But who could "play" that versatile and handsome woman? The *man* never lived.

The widow had lived in Calabazas about six months, and herself, her admirers, her eccentricities and her business had ceased to excite gossip or remark, when Calabazan curiosity was again aroused by a newly covered, brightly painted, light wagon, drawn by a stylish horse, being halted at the Grand Central. The driver was a middle aged man, having iron-gray hair, bushy, overhanging eyebrows, a close, firmly set mouth, and a generally austere countenance. From his appearance he was judged to be a cattle buyer, and when the widow came to the door, she greeted the newcomer as if having met him before. After speaking a few words to her, he unloaded a quantity of baggage, sent the horse and wagon to the Custom House corral, and domiciled himself in the bridal chamber.

Mr. Mitchell—the newcomer—it developed, intended remaining with us. He did not appear to know any one but the widow, and made no effort to make acquaintances. He spent a short time daily in close converse with her, but as her tent door remained open, gossip was stilled, and they were considered by Calabazans as only keeping up an old acquaintanceship during his stay. Mr. Mitchell's conversation being limited to his wants, and his looks repelling the slightest approach to familiarity, his provoking reticence concerning his past, present, or future, caused a deep and burdensome vexation to society. But as he put on no airs, patronized the bars impartially, and gambled a little, he was well spoken of, and went his way unquestioned—which he would have done anyway.

George, Pete and Bob at first thought that the widow might have formerly had some complications with the gentleman, which so depressed their spirits that they swallowed numberless cocktails, and were absent minded and of hastier action than usual, until the observant widow relieved their anxiety by introducing them to Mr. Mitchell, and explained that she had met him in Tucson while visiting that city, and that, having come to Calabazas, he could do no less than patronize her hotel. As she neither walked, dined, nor played cards with her lodger, the three swains brightened up, and things went on as before.

Two weeks after Mr. Mitchell's arrival, the town was again all excitement; the Grand Central was being decorated profusely with Chinese lanterns. Baskets of champagne, and cigars galore were left at the widow's by the Tucson stage, and invitations were issued to the elite of Calabazas society to attend a "surprise party" at her tent. Tables were to be provided for whist, and no gambling was to be permitted except fifty cents a corner at the whist table. The town was agonizingly agog over this unusual break of the widow's, and she was to set it far more agog shortly.

The whist party came off in great style, and it was long after midnight before it broke up, excepting that Bottle Bob withdrew at about one o'clock A. M., and had been seen riding rapidly toward Tucson. Just two hours afterward the covered wagon, apparently loaded, and the stylish horse driven by the widow, could have been seen going leisurely toward Tucson. An hour and thirty minutes later Curly Pete might

have been seen riding at headlong speed towards Tucson. At ten A. M. Handsome George was a passenger on the coach for Tucson. So, in a few hours, four of the society leaders of Calabazas had started on mysterious journeys to Tucson. George's, Pete's, and Bob's barkeepers said they had gone to Tucson to purchase goods. Jack said the widow had gone to Tucson on a visit, and had taken the cool of the morning to avoid the heat of the day. Mr. Mitchell made no remarks, but took possesion of the widow's tent, informed Jack that he was to take orders from him in the future; took a cocktail and breakfast himself, and went about his silent busines as usual.

Where were the widow, and George, and Pete, and Bob? Well, about the time that Curley Pete was fairly started for Tucson, the widow was at the Nogales Custom House at the Line, just precisely ten miles in an oposite direction. What was her business there? The estimable, handsome, and talented woman was overlooking the examination of her trunks and wagon by the Mexican revenue officers, prefatory to their appraisement and the collection of revenue thereon, before permitting her to continue on her way to the capital—Hermosilla—or wherever the self-contained and energetic lady intended going, in the State of Sonora, Mexico.

At twelve M., the same day, the lady was thirty miles in Sonora, on the Magdalena road, cheerfully hugging Beauty, and clucking her horse to a faster gait. At the same hour Bottle Bob had just changed for a fresh horse at a wayside cattle ranch, on the Tucson road. Curly Pete was riding a sleepy horse, his coat was off

and tied to the saddle behind him, his suspenders hung loosely at his waist, the perspiration was pouring off his person, and his arm was bent to convey a cooling flask of cocktails to his parched lips. Handsome George was seated on the back seat of the stage, just passing Curly Pete, whom he did not recognize until they had passed each other, and then he wondered what in ··—· Pete was riding in the hot sun for, and where in the devil was he going, and where the devil did he spring from anyway. Three days later Handsome George was in Calabazas, with a dangerous gleam in his eye, when questioned about how he found things in Tucson. Curly Pete was in Calabazas with a dangerous gleam in his eye when asked how things were going on in Tucson, and Bottle Bob was in Calabazas with a dangerous gleam in his eye when asked if things were lively in Tucson, and the widow was in Magdalena with a ravishing gleam in her eye, when she examined her wad of greenbacks, to be sure that none had escaped her.

Bob, Pete, and George visited each other's places daily, said "luck," and drank cocktails, soft toddies and straights without number, avoiding all allusion as to how they found things in Tucson during their recent hasty trip, or of the business that took them there.

Six days after the departure of the widow, a cityfied looking gentleman with a sharp face descended from the coach; the way in which he felt his hip pocket to be sure that his pistol was there; the manner in which he turned his coat lappel to see if the gilt star had been lost, nervously concealing the star as soon as the bystanders had obtained a full view of it,—his tip-toe

walk and a key-hole gaze, all indicated a sleuth hound or detective. When he was seen to collar Cum Sing and run him into the private room, presently coming out wearing a mysterious frown; when he was followed to the store and was seen to whisper to the storekeeper, and then both of them go into the back room, whence the storekeeper emerged after a short time with a wise though frightened look, and the stranger emerged with a more portentous look than before; when Drinky was seen to hastily swallow a straight whisky, go straight to the corral, straightway saddle a horse, and ride straight to the Line to intercept smugglers, suspicions became certainties.

There was no longer room for doubt; this man was certainly a detective. For whom was he searching? Of course a detective would not tell (?), but in a few days he departed, and then all Calabazas knew what none of them had known before. The officer was after the widow. And the widow, what had she done? Well, it's hard on the widow, but must be told. She had married four men within three years without any preliminary divorce or funeral to either marriage, the husbands all having some means. After spending their money on her, the widow never failed to need exercise, and never returned to her husband from her walk.

Her last husband had disposed of a ranch and cattle near Ellensburg, Washington Territory, and afterward lodged in the same house with and then married her. They went to Seattle where he lavished money on jewels to decorate her person and embellish her charms. The salt sea air created a desire in her breast to roam

the rolling deep. She couldn't roam without funds. These she borrowed from her husband—the detective said stole—as if such a charmer could steal. With the "borrowed" funds, amounting to four thousand or more dollars, she had roamed from Seattle to San Francisco, thence roamed to Tucson, thence to Calabazas, thence to Mexico, where she was now roaming. She was an expert confidence woman, card sharp, pistol shot and "sucker-fisher." She had sold her place through a Tucson real estate firm to Mitchell for one thousand dollars to be paid as soon as proven satisfactory. He had come to Calabazas, had satisfied himself, and paid the money, with wagon and horses as well (for the widow had raised the price on him to that extent, when she saw that he was pleased.) Mitchell had no more idea of her history and intended flitting, than did anyone else; he had simply invested his money as any one would have done; bought and paid for the property, after seeing that the income was satisfactory.

As to George, Pete, and Bob, I will freely confess that if I were within reach of those high minded gentlemen, I should think a long time before writing what follows, but feeling safe from their hasty action or nervous temperament, and being determined to give a true history, I will say that the three had a great many reunions among themselves, in which silent hand grips, "here's luck," and "to you," was heard or seen only. Calabazas intuition was seldom wrong, and Calabazas intuited about them that the widow was engaged to be married to the three men when she left. She would marry as soon as the

divorce now applied for was granted, and her lawyer had written that it would shortly be acted upon. Each gentleman was pledged to strictest secrecy, for if it leaked out that she was to re-marry, her husband would never grant the divorce, as he would not wish to see her married to another. The secret was kept. The widow and her wad were too precious to risk by an injudicious wagging of the tongue. The jealousy of each was quieted by saying it would not do for her to receive the attention of only one and maybe have her husband find it out. Her husband in such case might suspect something and "pull on the bit."

The vanity of each man was flattered by thinking that the others were being played for fools by himself and the much desired widow. Each had advanced money to the extent of five hundred dollars towards the purchase of a bridal outfit, and to pay a fair share of the divorce expenses—in the nature of a bonus to the fair widow's attorneys to hurry up things. The surprise party was an amusing scheme of the widow and each of her fiances to play the others for "flats." To each of the three that fatal night was the last the widow would spend in Calabazas as a widow. With each she planned to drive next day to Tucson, and there meet him for the wedding. She suggested the midnight start to Bob; the morning start to Pete; and the stage ride to George. She told Jack that she was going to Tucson, and, after he had affectionately watched her fade from his sight in that direction, had turned, driven over a mesa down into a valley, struck the stage road and had gone south to the boundary line.

Not one word, good or bad, or at all, did George, or Pete, or Bob, ever say of the lady, and it was generally understood to be a dangerous and unfriendly topic to broach in their company. It was an unwritten law of Calabazas that they were not to be questioned about how things were in Tucson. If an enquirer was anxious to know, he could do as they did, go and see for himself. When George was praised, and called lucky, or bright, or sharp, or nervy, he would depreciatingly and modestly swallow the accompanying treat and say with much profanity that he was a "jay," a "sucker," a "flat," and many other dismal, disgraceful, and impossible things of himself.

Pete would do and say the same. Bob would do and say the same. Should a stranger or visitor remark that Calabazas was a wide-awake town of go-ahead people, they would chorus that "Calabazas was such a jay town, or nest of suckers, that any — — fool could come along with a stick of soft solder and knock its brains out. Look at the 'Kid!' Look at the Preacher! Look at —a—a—. Take something with me." Visiting widows, looking for business openings, were received suspiciously and with malevolence, neither advice was given, nor courtesy shown them.

Drinkwater and Crandall were conceded to be brighter than they had been taken for, and a grateful cocktail, or straight, was at their service in the morning, at one of the three saloons—to be patronized in rotation.—Jack was as faithful to Mitchell as he had been to the widow, whom he ever championed in his feeble way, and for which the much prized drinks

were at his service, to be taken in the morning, and rotated at the three saloons.

Mitchell made money, and I expect is making money yet, if he removed with the remainder of the Calabazas population to Nogales *whence it is only a step over the line into Mexico.*

I hope I may meet again the charming widow and shake her by the hand. She had my admiration and good will. The citizens of Calabazas had more nearly a proper estimate of their mental caliber after the widow had finished with them, than they ever before had.

THE CALABAZAS CLUB.

ITS OLYMPIAN GAMES—MR. MURPHY—MR. O'CONNOR AND MR. RILEY, AND THEIR DEPARTURE FOR THE LINE.

A RAILROAD, a telegraph, a policeman, and a barber shop, are the four signs of a complete civilization. Railroad and telegraph lines were rapidly approaching our town. We had been permitted to elect a Justice of the Peace and a Constable. Mr. Murphy provided the barber shop. When Mr. Murphy came to the town to spy out the land, as it were, he was made completely welcome, and received so much encouragement in the way of treats and promised custom that he decided to locate, and made the surprising statement that he would open up a first-class barber shop the next day. I say "surprising statement" advisedly, for Murphy walked into town looking extremely dirty and tired, as if from a long tramp, his sole baggage consisting of a not very large bundle, suspended from his shoulders by a piece of hay rope. But Murphy was as good as his word, and next morning his shop was running in full blast. A cottonwood pole, wrapped in gaudy stripes of red and white cloth, advertising the fact that Calabazas had at last become possessed of this fourth visible sign of a perfect civilization.

The barber shop was situated in a cul-de-sac, about five feet wide and ten feet long, between the Palace Hotel and Custom House. It had no roof other than the sky, and needed none, as all Calabazas labor was performed in the cool early morning or during the shady afternoon. Murphy's furnishings were in complete keeping with the simplicity of the Calabazan life and his own. One public spirited citizen had loaned him a cane-bottomed oak chair with a round back, in which to seat his customers; another had let him have a tin basin in which customers might perform their ablutions; and the store had credited him to the extent of two roller towels, a bar of refractory and imperishable soap, and a whisky keg—to be used as a washstand. Cum Sing had generously contributed a handless teacup for a shaving mug, and Murphy completed the outfit with an old brush and comb, a lather brush, two antiquated horn handled razors, a seriously mangled razor strop, and a large number of old "sporting" and "criminal" newspapers, without which latter it is impossible to successfully start a barber shop anywhere. These last he took from his bundle.

Having all of the traditional peculiarities and insinuating graces of his profession, Mr. Murphy anxiously inquired into the health and business prospects of his customers, as he puffed the clipped hair from their faces and necks with his breath, or dictatorially advanced the proper manner of settling the great political problems of the day, while rubbing a pint of rancid oil into his customer's scalp. To his credit, be it said, that he discountenanced all such dudish devices as sea foams, hair dyes, and hair re-

MURPHY'S TONSORIAL PARLORS

storers, which made many say he was partially insane, or depreciated these things because he could not furnish them.

His discourse in general was devoted to athletics; the details of all horse and foot races, pugilistic matches, etc., he had at his tongue's end. His talk had a hypnotic effect on his customers that was a blessing; for his barber's chair having no head-rest, it was painfully tiresome to rest the neck on the round chair back. One's neck felt broken before one-half of the face had been shaved, with the usual barbaric twists of the head. But he was considerate, and used his stomach as a rest for his customer's head when shaving the other side of his face. At this blessed change of position, the martyr generally fell asleep to the music of the barber's ceaseless drone, with a restful assurance that the chair back had not completely broken his spinal column. After the shave, the customer was made perfectly at home by being told to "jist step over to yon basin and wash the lather off, and I'll give ye's hair a swipe."

Notwithstanding that Murphy became so deeply interested in his own conversation as to shave off a customer's moustache when requested to clip it, or to completely denude the head of hair, when instructed to trim it, or insisted in puffing the hair at the back and over the ears, and in bringing a cowlick down over the forehead, yet he was on good terms with all, and his faults were overlooked in thankfulness that his razors had not obliterated the beard by pulling it out by the roots, and in gratitude for having used his stomach as a head rest. Murphy having a

monopoly, like all monopolists, flourished apace. His towels were never washed; his brush and comb never wore out, as they were too dirty to be used, and his soap was everlasting. Perfumery—other than his breath—was unknown in his tonsorial parlor; his cosmetics were chunks of mutton tallow taken from the choicest cross section of the kidney, and strongly recommended by him as being as pure as "the schnow from the mountins, and not wan of thim schticks av hog fat wid a smathering of tin foile forninst it, that made ye's moustache luck loike ye's had been supping Oirish schtew from a tin kittle;" from which it will be inferred that he was a gentleman of pronounced opinions and plain tastes.

It stands to reason that Murphy was not long in becoming generally known. During the heat of the day he rested himself by playing pedro for the drinks, or in heated arguments concerning horse races and the endurance of various athletic champions. During such arguments, each round of a fisticuff encounter was illustrated by standing at guard, hopping back and forth on his toes, and gently tapping with his finger ends the various parts of his listeners' anatomy, as he described the knock-out blows of the bloviating and high-priced pugilistic heroes. He carried his head projected a foot in front of his body in approved pugilistic fashion; he carried his arms akimbo, and walked heel-and-toe in approved sprinter fashion, and wore on Sundays a jockey cap and figured shirt, the pattern of which was numberless horseshoes in approved horseman's fashion. From a piece of blanket filled with straw and suspended from the roof of a

corral stall, he improvised a punching bag for boxing practice. In the early morning he walked as if for a wager, on the road in front of the store, as he explained, "To kape meself in condition, my b'ye, for dy'ye mind, now, that bloody Chinaman he do feed ye's wid thim banes till ye's are all puffed up loike a blather, and ye's have got to wurruk it off or it will spile ye's wind."

Murphy's continued talk, violent exercises, and freely loaned athletic literature, created a sort of athletic boom. Every evening, at dusk, wrestling and sparring matches could be seen going on in the street. Short distance foot races, under his refereeship, took place for the cigars or drinks, or he would select horses from the corral, and encourage their owners to run short races—time no object—for small purses.

In two weeks after Murphy's advent, Handsome George, Curly Pete, Bottle Bob, Casino Harry, and several others, with Murphy as instructor, formed an athletic club to encourage sport of any kind, and to look out for talent to meet the home talent. Miners and railroad hands were encouraged to settle their differences pugilistically. If no one had differences to settle, it did not take long for the club members to create personal antagonisms sufficiently serious to make a settlement by battle before the club necessary, their efforts being rewarded by much amusement and many winnings of bets. The club also arranged cayuse races for purses, on which events pools were sold, and pegs were driven in the center of the main street that quoits might be indulged in. The reputa-

tion for nerve and hastiness that attached to George, Pete, Bob and Harry, made it certain that there would be no shooting at a contest except such as met with their approval, and in which they would take part.

The fame of the local club spread abroad. Each Sunday saw a horse or a foot race, or an athletic match of some kind, and attracted many "sports" from the neighboring towns, all of which turned to the profit of the towns people. Murphy, though an all around athlete according to his own claims, more particularly affected foot racing, and at his chosen sport soon had made himself champion of Calabazas. None could be found to compete with him for a wager. From a suit of knit underclothes he, after much labor, manufactured a suit of tights, dressed in which he exhibited his powers before the "B'yes" every Sunday afternoon, always winding up with a wordy and vociferous challenge to the world. He became so puffed up, and so impatient of interruption, that, if discussing a point, he would tell an impatient customer: "Yon's the razor and mug; jist give yeself a rake off while ye's waiting, and I won't charge ye's but half price; ye's can get some wather from the well."

Amongst the railroad hands that infested the town at the Sunday gatherings, was a young man that took nearly as much interest in the sports as did the barber. He was a slouchy, good-natured fellow, wore loosely fitting workman's clothes, and his Sundays were spent in contests in which he infallibly met with defeat. Like Murphy, he loved the "cinder path," and was always ready to sprint with him—but not for

a wager. The barber invariably distanced him, and would ask in a most earnest manner, "Phy did ye's stand still and let me run round ye's? Phy didn't ye run?" As each Sunday saw a contest of this kind, and as each Sunday saw Murphy the victor with room to spare, so did the conceit of Murphy increase, and his railing at the defeated become more obtrusive. Each Sunday night also saw the participators in the day's sport full of whiskey, and the air full of talk concerning wagers, odds and champions.

One Sunday night a number of the club were in the "Golden Fleece" drinking, and Murphy, as usual, was exalting himself and bantering his young footracing friend. The young man's employer, a railroad contractor, tired of Murphy's self laudation, quietly remarked that he "didn't think the barber was any great shakes of a footracer anyhow." In an instant the air was full of offers to bet against any one the contractor thought could outrun him. The contractor didn't care about betting, but thought the young fellow could beat him if he were trained. Murphy's nose went up so high at this that it threw his head back upon his shoulders. The young fellow! why, he would tie both hands behind him, give him the odds, and then beat him. Curly Pete, Handsome George, and Murphy, offered him odds—offered to tie Murphy's feet and race the young fellow, until at last the contractor was bluffed into making a bet with each of them of one hundred dollars against two hundred, that the young fellow could outrun Murphy if given ten feet start in two hundred yards. To the young man's remonstrances, he only replied, "You shut up,

its my money, all you've got to do is to run;" and the race was set for the following Sunday.

The intervening week was used by the contestants in training. Murphy was timed by various stop watches, and improved; but with his rival there was no improvement, train as hard as he might. The contractor's money was as good as lost, and he himself seemed to regret that, in drunken folly, he had risked his money; for no one else would take any odds and bet on the young man. The afternoon of the appointed day, the men were made ready for the race. Murphy appeared in his racing costume, and sprinted over the track several times to limber up. His adversary, clothed in a loose fitting suit of cotton overalls, and shod with a pair of light shoes, made no pretence of limbering up. A referee and judge were selected; the men were placed toe to mark, the word was given, and Murphy without trouble distanced the young man fully twenty-five feet, in addition to the ten feet start given him. The contractor gave the defeated man a reproachful look and told him to go home to the camp.

This was the first contest of any kind upon which a large amount had been wagered, and the winners were jubilant. Favors were showered on Murphy; he had drinks and cigars enough offered to have kept him supplied for six months. As the evening wore away, the contractor that had backed the loser was bantered on all sides. Murphy, with his Irish wit, drove him nearly to distraction. Humorous condolences and railery that greeted him when he entered a saloon, made him quite ill-humored, for he was drinking

heavily, and several times good natured interference was all that prevented a row. The contractor persisted in saying that he thought the young man could defeat Murphy, but much to the barber's disgust would make no bet. After several hours' banter and several added drinks, the contractor became so heedless as to bet with Curly Pete two hundred dollars against four hundred and fifty, that his man could defeat Murphy after two weeks' training, even start. This was a soft snap, and like finding money. George, Bob, and Casino Harry obtained bets at the same odds. The money was put up in the storekeeper's hands, and a friend assisted the drunken contractor away before he wagered his mules and wagons.

Shortly before Murphy had opened his shop, a fellow countryman of his, Riley by name, had established himself in Calabazas with an express wagon. The wagon was a shabby concern, having more barb wire and hay rope in its make up than lumber and bolts. It was drawn by a medium sized, bony, bay horse, that to all appearance had not strength enough to raise his head above his knees; his tail was barren of hair; his mane was thin and roached like a mule's, and in walking he raised one shoulder with a jerk, whilst the opposite hip almost sunk to the ground; his near fore leg was swathed in a grain sack.

Riley, the owner, was a small man, with a faded, patched suit of clothes, and a cap made of the crown of a felt hat with a portion of the brim left on. He did such light hauling as was needed around town, and on Sunday became religiously drunk on his week's earnings. Himself, his horse, and his wagon, seemed

to be perpetually on the verge of disintegration. He lived in a small "A" tent, (which was also his stable,) on the river bottom, and cherished the animal with as much affection as if he had been the most distinguished of the equine race. No one ever saw Riley's horse out of a walk; it was a perpetual wonder to all that he was able to walk, his pace partook so much of the character of a crawl. Crandall, who had sold Riley a lot, said that he had money in the storekeeper's safe. The very sight of Murphy appeared to excite the old man's anger. At the Sunday sports, when Murphy appeared in his racing suit, Riley would bitterly exclaim, "luk at the omadhaun now, phat the divil is he prancing up and down there for loike a sphider in a skillet?"

The news of the race to come off was spread around the neighborhood, and it was expected that many strangers would be in town the appointed day. A nice racing path was laid out, and so much interest was excited that George, Pete, Bob, and Harry, putting their heads together, determined to make it a boom day for Calabazas, by having boxing, wrestling, and dancing matches, and a quarter race for small purses. No money other than the contractor's could be won on the foot race, but some might be won on the other contests. A committee was appointed to obtain men for the wrestling and boxing matches, and a dancing match was arranged for at the Big Casino hurdy-house. The foot racers trained steadily. The contractor's man was closely watched, and timed in his practice runs by a secret emissary of the club, and his reports were that the club members who had bet on Murphy

had the choicest and most delicate "pudding," one crumbling with richness. As the Sunday approached, Calabazas could scarcely contain itself, and each Calabazan busied himself in laying plans to mulct the visitors that were expected to crowd the town.

The anxiously looked for Sunday came at last. The town was crowded with visiting sports and people from the adjacent country. At nine o'clock sharp in the morning, the day's sports were inaugurated by sparring matches at the "Golden Fleece," and "Coliseum," and by wrestling at the "Pantheon;" all for small purses. At the "Big Casino" the Doctor waltzed for an hour, wearing out two partners and the "piano thumper," which ended the morning's sports. At three o'clock the great foot race was to take place, and the day was to close with the horse races. George, Pete, Bob, and Harry were in high glee. Their saloons had made money, they had bet with judgment on the contests of the morning, and had a delightful "pudding" laid aside for the afternoon. At half past two o'clock, Casino Harry and the contractor prepared their men for the foot race, the backers electing Pete-the-rancher as referee and Crandall as starter.

These preliminaries having been arranged, the men appeared at the starting point. Murphy looked even more confident than usual in his bran new racing clothes and shoes. The contractor's man had on a pair of cheap slippers, and a suit of common blue overalls cut off at the knees and elbows. As he stood by Murphy's side waiting for the word, he looked far more discouraged than did the man who had bet on

him. The race was delayed until bets had been made with such of the visitors as might be enticed by the odds, and George, Pete, Harry, and Bob, in this way added many more raisins to their expected "pudding." Riley, gloriously drunk, made himself a nuisance offering to bet ten to two on Murphy, of whom he appeared to have suddenly conceived a better opinion. As no one else would take such odds, George and his friends soon quieted him by taking his bets.

The betting finished, the starter and referee took their places. Confident Murphy and his modest opponent toed the scratch, and, at the starter's shot, went like the wind. Both sides of the track was lined with spectators. The contractor's man was the favorite with the hurdy-girls because he looked scared. At the fifty foot post he was behind, and the club smiled. At the one hundred foot post he had closed the gap a little, and was painfully struggling to gain still more. The hurdy-girls said "Oh!" Bets of three to two on Murphy were freely offered, and taken by the visiting sports. At the one hundred and fifty foot post the men were shoulder to shoulder. The club quit smiling, and made even bets. At the two hundred foot post, and finish, the contractor's man was a foot ahead, with enough wind left to cruelly ask Murphy, "Why did'nt you run, what did you stand still for?" and overbearingly offered to tie his feet and run him for any odds. Murphy was so exhausted that he had to be lifted up and assisted to the store.

George, Pete, Bob, and Harry were paralyzed at what had befallen them. The very mention of the

word "pudding" would have gotten the loquacious speaker into difficulty. As for the ex-champion, words failed to express their condemnation of his want of speed and endurance. He was now a "duffer," a "fraud," a "blowhard," anything but a foot racer, and it would have been a serious matter for him had he been suspected of crookedness. Well, they were sports, were beaten, and, like sports, they tried now to get up a new race in which they could play even, by betting on the new man, but the winner had gone about his business as soon as the race was ended.

The Calabazas club now lost interest in the day, their handsome saloon profits and small winnings were more than swallowed up in their vanished "pudding." Although Riley had lost much money on Murphy, by his foolish bets at long odds, he was so pleased at his defeat that he became still more gorgeously drunk than before. He took his money from the store safe, and went around shaking the bag and offering to bet on any kind of proposition. He had harnessed up his old bay horse, and they were in everyone's way while preparing for the finishing races, and his noise and chaff annoyed the losers on Murphy beyond measure. When the horses were brought to the starting point for the quarter races he was wild with excitement, and wanted to enter the race with his outfit on any terms; and when laughed or jeered at, offered to bet any one that his horse could beat any horse in the race, or the winner. George, Pete, and Bob snapped the old man up on his proposition. "Of course it was like stealing Riley's money, but Riley had been making fool bets all day,

and was bound to lose to some one;" besides they were heavy losers on Murphy, and had to even up on somebody. Riley was crazy drunk, and beyond control; he was determined to bet, and they might as well have the money as to let strangers from Tubac rob him. Having betted with Riley until his money was exhausted, that worthy drove to one side, and during the race, yelled and whooped like a Comanche Indian. The club members bet with judgment on the quarter race, and were much encouraged.

While the race bets were being settled, Riley was sitting in his wagon half asleep, and his old bay horse with braced feet and hanging head, was nearly so. One of the judges shook him and wanted to know if he was going to race or forfeit. "Race av coorse, the divil a thing else," said Riley. A saddle was taken from one of the defeated horses and put on Riley's bay, and the question of a rider was debated. Riley, with drunken obstinacy, declined to let any one ride the bay but himself, and he mounted the old horse, whose legs bent under his weight. Some of those who had bet with the old man, felt so ashamed of the bare-faced robbery they were perpetrating, that they offered to withdraw their bets if he would forfeit twenty dollars to each. Riley had taken several more drinks and refused to draw, but instead, offered to bet horse against horse that he would win, which bet, to rid himself of Riley's biting gibes, the winner's owner accepted, but with no intention to take Riley's horse if won.

Riley rode to the starting post, a man on each side jocularly holding up the bay horse that he might not

fall before reaching there. The horses were started, and passed the starting post neck-and-neck. Riley wallowed all over his horse, that had a gait between that of a cow and a giraffe. But, Lord! how he did get over that quarter of a mile! When he left the starting post he just seemed to glue his hind legs to the ground and to stretch out like a piece of red rubber, keeping nose-and-nose with the other horse, while Riley swayed from side to side, and hung on like a monkey. People held their breaths as they saw the horse that had just won a race, stumble, fall to his knees, and the old bay horse lengthen out, and come in with erect head and dilating nostrils a full length ahead, and stand at the winning post apparently exhausted, except as to his eyes, which had an exceedingly cunning brightness.

If the defeat of Murphy was a shock, the winning by Riley's horse was a catastrophe. It was an unaccountable series of accidents such as could only occur in a town of superlative "jayness," and peopled by "suckers," "flats" or other monstrosities of the victim tribe. The owner of the defeated horse offered the winner fifty dollars to settle the bet, which amount the old man accepted, and, gathering in his other winnings, left town in company with the man to collect the money.

This fatal Sunday ended athletic sports in Calabazas, and ended the Calabazas Club as well. George, Pete, Bob, and Harry sat up quite late that night, nervously figuring as to how they could have lost so heavily on such sure things. Why didn't Murphy pack more baggage? Why didn't Riley's horse limp when

racing? How came the young man to get such sudden increase of speed? Could the Tubac or Tombstone sports have put up a job? The longer they pondered, the more thoughts of possible fakes, throw offs, and put up jobs, obtruded on their minds, until, to satisfy their doubts, they determined to interview Murphy, the contractor's man, and Riley at the pistol's mouth for information. A call at the store developed the fact that Murphy had left with the foot racer, claiming that he feared for his life after losing the race. This fear was justifiable and to be expected in a man of Murphy's judgment. A call at Riley's tent told that he was absent also. He had been seen going away with the man who owned the defeated horse.

The four friends put on their pistols and cartridge belts, and rode five miles to the railroad camps to interview the men. At the camps they were told that Murphy and O'Connor (the winner) as soon as he had received his share of the winnings, bought two cayuses and had started for the Line. At the grader's camp it was found that Riley had left there quite sober after getting his fifty dollars, and had ridden toward the Line. They spurred their horses and reached Nogales. The Custom officers said the three men had passed there laughing and talking hilariously; had only stopped long enough to buy some Mescal and pay duty on their horses, which they did from a sackful of money. As they were not permitted to pursue any further, the "big four" of Calabazas, turned, with long drawn groan and saddened faces, homeward.

Reaching Calabazas, the four visited each other's saloons in rotation, drank "straights" in silence, and

the next morning it was generally known in the town that any exhibition of athletics, except in serious personal encounters, would be taken by the four, individually and collectively, as an insult to be wiped out with blood. The quoit pegs were pulled up, and the quarter course and racing path obliterated. All games were barred, but keno, poker, monte and faro. "Puddings" were under the ban, and Cum Sing took warning accordingly.

Riley's wagon laid around until used for kindling wood. Mr. Murphy's tonsorial parlors were dismantled, and his sporting literature divided among the hurdy-houses. It was wafted into Calabazas not long after their departure, that these three men were partners in working "jay" towns; that Murphy, O'Connor, and Riley were assumed names. The first two were professional foot-racers, but were so well known in California, where they had worked fake races, that they had been forced to hunt new pastures, and had found no green feed until Calabazas had been reached. Riley's horse was not an old plug by any manner of means, but instead, was well known—in California—as a short distance racer, that an acre of alfalfa and a ton of corn a day would not have fattened. His peculiar gait had been taught him by Riley after infinite labor, and his bandaged knee was not at all lame or sprained, as was claimed. Neither was his true color bay, but white. The bay color had been imparted by Mr. Riley with great skill, and an intent to obscure his identity; to keep that color intact, until the town had been worked, was the reason of so much assiduous

and affectionate labor every night in the "A" tent, where he abode with his horse.

Mr. O'Connor had taken the contractor into his confidence, and had supplied most of the money so lavishly bet on himself, and all of that intentionally lost on the first race.

The last heard of the trio, they were eating beans and Chilli peppers in a Mexican jail, after some sharp play at a "Fiesta" or religious festival, at which sharp play they had succeeded in almost bankrupting several revolutionary Generals and Governors, who thought they had a tender pudding to be disposed of. It behooves infant Western cities to look out for the triplets, for they are full of guile and deception—and cutting eye teeth is ever painful.

THE CALABAZAS BABY.

HIS PARENTS, LUCKY SMITH AND THE LITTLE WOMAN—HIS BIRTH—HIS BEREAVEMENT—HE GOES OVER THE LINE.

As Calabazas blossomed, grew and spread from a solitary store and Custom House into the magnitude of an Arizona City (?), it was nothing unusual for new tents to be erected; they were brought on good substantial wagons drawn by strong and retaliating mules, the owners of which could be questioned and the very natural curiosity of Calabazas society be satisfied, or their fears calmed, yet, one morning the Calabazas sun arose and shone upon a tent not there the night before, nor did the eyes of the nervous citizens of that burg either see its arrival or erection. The tent was of the kind known as an "A" tent. It was erected at the lower end of the town, near one of the dead cottonwood trees. Sitting outside and in the rear, was a small portable sheet-iron stove, to which was attached a couple of lengths of rusty stove pipe. At daylight a stranger was seen skirmishing under the dead trees, gathering twigs and branches, which he carried to the stove, and therewith built a fire.

LUCKY SMITH

The man was thin, of small build, and dressed in the brown canvas clothing, much worn in the West. His hair was sandy "complected," straight and scanty. A wirey goatee and moustache of peculiar sun browned hue, stuck out from the week-old beard covering his face, and his skin was almost as dark as coffee, indicating that he was no stranger to the fervent rays of Arizona's sun. One leg was bent in at the knee, giving a perceptible halt to his walk, and his right arm was slightly bowed, as if it had been once broken. To all appearance he was well and strong, but his movements were slow and careful as of one just recovered from an illness.

While the man was building the fire, a woman came from the tent, having a piece of bacon in one hand, and a pan of flour in the other, evidently with the purpose of making the perennial flapjack that divides breakfast honors with the aboriginal brown bean of Arizona. She was not larger than an ordinary girl of thirteen or fourteen years. She was as thin as her husband; her hair, of a peculiar streaked reddish hue, was brushed back from a forehead innocent of bangs, and rolled into a boily looking lump on the back of her head. Her hands, thin almost to transparency, showed constant usage; and her eyes, so large as to be out of proportion to her thin oval face, were of that veiled, watery blue, that conveys the idea of an early death for their owner. She had beautiful pearly teeth, set in a perfect mouth, around which were the lines of care and anxiety that one sees on the faces of refined women who have bravely battled with honest poverty. Her dress, of light, spotted calico, with a

neat collar around her thin neck, was tasty and scrupulously clean. These were the owners of the little tent that had so miraculously appeared.

Crandall being a "cocktail riser," was the first that discovered the new arrivals. He called at the tent immediately, and informed the new comers that they were on the Company's most select and valuable lot, and, as became the company's agent, he was quite indignant that they had taken possession without so much as by your leave, but he would have been as indignant if they had pitched their tent anywhere within one hundred miles of where it was, north of the boundary line. Crandall's indignation did not last long, for though a hard drinker, he had a soft heart, and the little woman soon had an arrangement made, by which they could purchase the lot on the instalment, plan and at the same time was generously given Crandall's washing to do, for which it is doubtful if she ever received a cent on any plan.

In a couple of days they were seeking work, the man for any kind of a job, and the little woman looking for washing. The poor little thing shrank from any contact with gambling, drinking, or hurdy-houses, but those whom she approached were asked to use their influence at such places to get her the washing, for which she would be so thankful, and her husband would call and deliver the clothes. In a few days the clothes-lines were filled with men's clothing and the hurdy-girls' more delicate garments. Thenceforth she appeared to have all the washing she could attend to, for the swish of the water and burr of the

wash-board could be often heard late into the night, and always early in the morning.

The family was known by the convenient name of "Smith," and it was not Calabazas etiquette to investigate farther. He was a jack-of-all-trades, one of those handy fellows often seen in the West, where self-reliance is at a premium. He was industrious to a fault, and was ever at work, or seeking it, that is, when not recovering from an accident. During his stay of a year or more in Calabazas, Smith was seldom seen for more than a week at a time without his head in a bandage or a crutch under his arm, or an arm in splints or bandages, or he would not be visible at all for weeks, for the poor fellow had such a genius for being in the wrong place at the right time, and extraordinary faculty for caroming away from sudden death, that he soon became known as "Lucky Smith."

The monotony of Calabazas life was much varied after being blessed with Smith's residence. He had been in town but a few days when he was employed to erect a framework of scantlings for a large wall tent. It was cooling to stand around and see how energetically the man worked in the scorching heat. The job completed, in gathering up his tools he found that he had left his hammer hooked on the ridge pole of the frame work. A few minutes sufficed in which to place a ladder against the frame and regain his hammer, after which he descended hurriedly, and without using the ladder. Besides numerous abrasions and bruises, which he lightly passed over, a bone of his wrist was fractured, and, until the bone knitted, he assisted his

wife by packing water, and engineering the wringer with his good arm.

After recovery, Lucky obtained a job driving a grader's wagon. The grader had never employed a man that gave him such satisfaction, and Smith's wagon required fewer repairs than any; but one day he leaned over too far to see why his brakes would not hold, and fell. The willing horses started up and pulled the wagon over him, much to the damage of his hip and back. This mishap kept Lucky in bed for a week, and hobbling around for a couple of more—when again he was ready for a job.

He soon had a contract to dig a well, and worked faithfully at it for ten days. It was completed and accepted. He made his last trip to the bottom, and in coming up the rope broke. Smith, besides minor wounds that he might expect in any case, broke his leg. He made a rapid recovery from this accident and was again hunting work. He next obtained a contract from the Railroad Company to cut ties. He had worked two days diligently when, as he was chopping a few dry branches to carry home, his axe slipped, and cut his foot. He had many smaller wounds of fingers and feet, the result of jams and mashes when handling the logs; such wounds, however, were not considered by him as being of any moment.

Each of these accidents called for a subscription, for Smith was an agreeable, social, obliging, and industrious fellow, and his little wife the one undoubted, genuine lady of the camp; so of course it would not do to let them suffer while he was disabled. Notwith-

standing this good feeling, it was considered by all that Smith was extremely unreasonable to pile up his accidents in such rapid sequence, and that he had mighty little consideration for his friends in doing so. Smith's clean life, activity, and good nature brought him quick recovery, and he was soon rustling for work.

The Land Company, having bought the brick kilns and the chimneys of the Chinese houses that had been burned by rioters, contracted with Smith to tear them down and load them for hauling. He pulled down all the kilns and chimneys, save one, in a short time, and with but little waste. He attacked the last chimney with his usual ardour, but so unskilfully did he extract the bottom brick, that he might tumble this chimney down as he had done the others, that it fell before the allotted time, and Calabazas was called on to rescue him from the ruins. An examination showed a fractured rib, as well as several scalp wounds and body injuries. The latter would have been considered serious enough by most men, but were cheerfully passed over by Smith as nothing, when making up a list of his accidental injuries. While convalescing from the broken rib, he indulged in the luxury of a bone felon, by which he lost a joint of his fore-finger. The felon being a side issue, and not the result of accident, he did not count it as being worthy of mention.

The feeling against Lucky Smith was now becoming intense, and most likely he would have been warned to leave town, had it not been for the presence and influence of his faithful and unwearying little

wife. He was liked well enough, but even his friends had to confess that such peculiarities were unworthy of any man. It was unaccountable. Some claimed it was the altitude; this in the West being held responsible for many ills. Others said it was the climate; these were cautioned to "close their face," unless they wished to scare away Eastern tourists or investors. Still more said it was due to Calabazas being so near to the "Greaser" country (Mexico). All of these reasons were fully considered in summing up the probable causes of Smith's ceaseless accidents and consequent sufferings.

Smith, when nearly well, concluded to chop down his tree for firewood. He brought out an axe, and had languidly struck a few blows when he was startled by hearing cries, "Here! Stop that! Stop that!" and saw several of the prominent citizens running towards him; they breathlessly asked him what he was doing; said Smith cheerfully, "Cutting down my tree." "Well," said they, "we as a committee come to tell you not to cut that tree, the public wants that tree; that tree is the closest one to the town."

The woodman spared the tree, not because it had shaded the committee in youth, or possibly could in old age, being dead, but because—he must. The climate was warm and exercise repulsive. The tree was quite close to the town, and the valley was destitute of telegraph poles, there might come a time of sudden emergency and excitement, when the tree would prove a valuable aid in calming men's passions by suspending the cause thereof. Smith's thoughtlessness in trying

to cut down such a handy tree created a slight additional feeling against him.

Minus a finger joint, Smith rustled energetically and secured a job. He was employed by a hurdy-man to help move the fixtures from a tent he had purchased to a larger one that he had built; the man being a newcomer, was not posted on Smith's ways. Everything was moved with the celerity and good order that distinguished Smith. At the last the owner and himself were arranging and beautifying the bar in preparation for the opening festivities that night. When nearly finished, in an unfortunate (but to be expected) moment he came upon the hurdy-man's assistant, in keeping order, the six shooter.

"Where shall I put this?" queried Smith.

"On the shelf under the bar," said the hurdy-man.

"All right," said Smith; but it was'nt, for in placing it there he in some way caused the trigger to fondle the cap. The cap exploded, the bullet dropped out with such a business-like force, that it penetrated Smith's foot before finding a final resting place in the floor.

When the hurdy-man heard the shot, he, not being a man to take chances—and the shot might have been for him—incontinently banged Lucky Smith over the head with a bar bottle. Between the shot and the blow, Smith settled into a box of empty beer bottles with velocity and force sufficient to break many of them, and received on his nether end sundry cuts and deep incisions, which, though painful, he did not count amongst his wound assets. The hurdy-man with many anathemas, continued to hammer Smith,

under the impression that the unfortunate fellow had made a deadly assault upon him, until a number of neighbors who had heard the shot rushed in and separated them, enabling Smith to make satisfactory explanation. After receiving apologies and payment, an extra fee as a peace offering, and a drink from the rectified hurdy-man, Smith was packed home to his tender little woman, and it was several weeks, diversified with a number of virulent boils, before he was again around seeking employment. The owner of the pistol, after hearing Smith's history, threw that valuable aid away, being fully convinced that it was hoodood, and might cut some deadly caper with himself next. He bought another.

There was now an impression in Calabazas that the subscriptions to keep Lucky Smith in repair were far in excess of his earnings, and if continued would bid fair to bankrupt subscribers, so a sort of coolness sprang up between himself and the citizens. There was no disputing that he was very industrious, honest, and sober; but what was the use of talking? Of a truth the town Doctor received vastly more benefit from the subscriptions than did Smith and his brave little wife; but this was never thought of by the subscribers.

As soon as Smith could limp around tolerably well, he was again looking for a job; but for him to get one of any kind had now become a matter of some doubt and difficulty. People to whom he made application considered long and seriously before giving him a job, in the face of his record. A person had to be quite sure that it was one at which he could not injure him-

self, intentionally or unintentionally, and by such injury bring the fatal hoodoo upon his employer. After weighing the subject seriously, the storekeeper took pity on, and employed him at nominal wages to care for the animals in the Custom House corral. He was strictly enjoined that his whole duty was to keep account of the animals' feed and time in the stalls, and to feed them hay and grain. Now here was a job that he could attend to and certainly preserve himself unbroken and unwounded. The small quantities of hay and grain that he had to handle as feed could not possibly enable him to break any bones. Smith went about his work with his usual good-will and energy; the stalls and corral were never as clean before or since as during his regime. A whole week and a half passed safely, no accident, no one called on to pack Smith home. Wonder of Calabazas wonders—Smith had reformed!

The eleventh day of Smith's employment, a few minutes after noon, he conld have been seen being carried from the corral by four men, carried to the little "A" tent that was his accident ward. He had very good naturedly loaned a neighbor a hayfork just before going to dinner; returning from dinner, he climbed upon the hay pile to throw down hay for some newly arrived horses. In sliding down the stack, he brought up against the hayfork he had so kindly loaned, and which the neighbor, upon returning, had carefully leaned against the stack, prongs up, so that Smith couldn't miss finding it. Two of the sharp prongs had penetrated the poor fellow's thigh. He counted not the numberless finger cuts received while

opening grain sacks, nor the times he had jabbed the prongs of the stable fork into his foot when cleaning the bedding from the stalls, or the number of times he had bruised himself in falls from the haystack that he intended for slides; they were not worthy of mention as part of his corral experience.

When the storekeeper was informed of Smith's mishap, he muttered a few energetic words, went to the corral and broke the hoodood hay fork, that a mule might not be killed by it next time; and then, being a truculent man with an enlarged spleen, he called at the "A" tent and indignantly ordered Smith not to come to him for any more jobs, or there would be trouble. The little woman he would assist all in his power, anybody in Calabazas would, but as to monkeying with him again, it was not to be thought of under any circumstances.

The wounds made by the hay fork were painful, but being flesh ones only, were healed in a few weeks, and Smith was again on his everlasting hunt for a job—he was not very successful. It was explained to him that no feeling of a personal nature existed as against himself, it was entirely against his luck; which last was copiously condemned in a great variety of vigorous terms.

Smith's inherent industry would not permit him to be idle, and, when not packing water, or otherwise helping the little woman by sweating over the wringer, he could be found around town, cleaning faro chips in one tent, trimming lamps in another, sweeping out another, or in fact doing any little chore and service unasked, that he saw lying around undone. Many

would willingly have given him a job, but dare not; many were tempted to pay him for such willing services, but were afraid to, because he remained free from accidents while working for nothing. Anyone that would give Smith a job under pay after his record, would be looked upon as a person of malice and venom, in case of accident to that lucky person. True, they sent the little woman drinks of iced lemonade and soda very often, and sometimes paid her more than her bill for washing, in this way trying to partially reimburse Smith for his time and free labor, but to regularly employ him—no. It even made them nervous to see him around their places; a bottle might jump off the shelf and brain him, or he might stumble over a chair and break his leg; or over himself, and break his neck. Many a customer called for whisky sour, and received a gin cocktail, because the barkeeper was intently watching Smith that he might call out in case of a threatened danger, unseen by that gentleman. At some places he was told in direct terms that he was a good fellow and all right, but they didn't want him to break any of his bones in their house.

As the weeks passed without accident, it was considered that Smith had finally become acclimated, and the hoodoo had left him. After seriously turning it over in his mind, Handsome George, of the Golden Fleece, took this view of the case. He was a man for whom Smith had done many duly appreciated chores, therefore he concluded to give him a trial, and engaged him to assist in re-arranging and renovating his saloon and gambling house. George intentionally omitted to arrange any specified amount to be paid, as

the sly fellow intended not only to indemnify him amply for the present job, but to add an additional amount in payment for the numerous chores before spoken of, and which had been done with no thought of reward.

Smith pitched into the work with his usual vim and zeal. For five days was he diligently tangled up with bottles, paint, chairs, tables, and white-wash, being continually watched and warned by George during the time. At the end of that time his industry and good taste had converted the tent into what the hurdy-ladies called a "bower of beauty." George was so gratified with the change of appearance that Smith had wrought, that he not only handed him twenty dollars, but, in addition, insisted on his taking a couple of bottles of port wine to the little woman, whom George, humanely and tersely said, had "all the blood soaked out of her with that —— water." Smith was surprised and grateful; he started joyfully for home, and if he had gone right on it would have been better for him; but, unfortunately, he halted at the tent door, to take a proud, parting look at the result of his handiwork, and saw a swinging lamp a little awry. This would never do the re-opening night. It took but a moment for Smith to push a table under the lamp, pile thereon a pyramid of boxes, and crown the boxes with a chair. Another moment and he was in the chair, and had the lamp hanging properly. Another half a moment and he was on the floor, under the chair and boxes, with a broken collar bone and a large number of minor hurts and cuts, which were a mere bagatelle in calculating the general results. Lucky Smith had, with unusual

judgment, selected the only table in the room with unsafe, or weak legs.

Handsome George was justly very indignant. Here was all his kindness and good feeling entirely thrown away. He —— his luck and poor judgment in ever putting Smith under pay, or, in fact, in having had him around at all. He considered that Smith had committed a gross breach of confidence, and that his incurable failing put him beyond the pale of human sympathy. Here he was with a broken collar bone, after lying low for a month to get a chance to break it in his (George's) tent, and on the opening night too. Smith was worse than the "Kid" or the "Preacher," because they had bluffed and played smooth, but he had just sneaked around playing square, so as to get a chance too hoodoo some one's place. In his opinion Calabazas was a jay town, and Smith knew it. He was always willing to do what he could for the little woman, for she was a lady; but Smith, well, Smith had better never come into the Golden Fleece again, or he would break his infernal back in two, and not wait for an accident to do it for him.

It was fully a month or more before Smith had so far recovered as to permit of his doing much, but not at all disheartened was he. Paler and thinner than ever before, the cheerful fellow looked around for such jobs as he could get, that he might be a help to his faithful little wife. No one would give him work, but many offered him money (which Smith never would take unless it had been raised by a general subscription). At last Cum Sing decided to employ him to clean table-ware and do light kitchen work, in pay-

ment for his own and his wife's meals. Cum Sing said that he "felt welly solly" for him, but thought he was "clazy to bleak himself allee time." Smith brought the same energy to the Palace Hotel kitchen that had procured him employment at the other places, and never had Cum Sing's table-ware been so bright and clean. For three weeks he worked along contentedly, gaining strength each day. A tinge of color came into his own and the little woman's cheeks; the release from cooking, and the change of food gave her a much needed rest and variety.

Cum Sing thought him a "welly good man, but he welly poor." Alas! Cum Sing's sympathy and good feeling was doomed to be turned to most bitter gall, for Smith, with his ever willing alacrity and good nature, volunteered to assist Hi Sing, the cook, in taking a large boiler of hot water from the stove. Of course the boiler had a weak handle, and more as a matter of course this handle was on Smith's end of the boiler, waiting, and had waited patiently, to come off as soon as Smith grasped it; and come off it did, the hot water scalding his legs frightfully. Lucky Smith was again being carried down the trail that had been worn packing him to his little tent after accidents. Cum Sing was very angry at first, but dismissed Smith and the accident by saying, "Well, me solly, —— Smith; me no hab him no more, suppose he pay me fi' dolla one day!" This gentle heathen, nevertheless, sent daily meals without charge to Lucky and the little woman, until he was able to be around again.

After this accident, it was impossible for Smith to obtain employment around town, and even his doing

chores out of pure good nature was objected to at most places. Every one had a good word for him, any quantity of drinks and cigars were at his disposal when he entered a place, if he would only accept them, and clear out before a stray bullet, or other accident laid him low on the premises. Seeing that it was a useless and wilful waste of time to seek further employment, he gave all of his time to assisting the little woman with her washing. At this he did not meet with any serious accidents, but he was often seen with his hands, his head, or his foot swathed in bandages, presumably having been injured by getting his fingers in the wringer, slipping upon the soap scraps he had carefully laid aside, that they might not be lost or wasted, or by catching his chin over the clothes lines when in a hurry—as he always was.

The little woman was so continuously occupied in nursing Smith after his numerous accidents, and in attending to her washing, that she had no time, even if inclined, to make acquaintances amongst the women of the camp. Any one calling at her tent received a kindly welcome. They invariably found everything in perfect order, and the little woman, notwithstanding the nature of her work, neat and cheerful. There were no sounds of bickering or joviality ever heard coming from the little tent. Her customers all had a kind and civil word for her, and she for them, for the little woman did not seem to think a kind word to the lowest was degrading to herself.

If she had been at all coquettish or unstable, there were plenty of well-to-do men in Calabazas that would have prompted or encouraged her to obtain a divorce

from Smith, and would have willingly paid the expenses. Divorces are not uncommon in such towns, and neither the man nor woman are the worse thought of on account of their matrimonial disagreements. Nowhere on earth are moral and reputable women more respected, and the little woman, divorced and re-married, would have been in a much better financial position; but the admirable little woman neither permitted nor made the slightest advance or familiarity. She loved her husband with her whole heart and soul, and he deserved it, for no woman ever had a more affectionate or industrious husband than he was.

As the months passed by, the little woman was not around the wash tub so constantly, and it was noticed that she did little else than her cooking, or ironing the delicate underwear of the more aristocratic and successful hurdy girls. Presently she was even more rarely seen, except as sitting in the little "A" tent sewing. This was not commented upon, as it was known that she was in delicate health. Therefore, when Smith was seen with an anxious face hunting for the doctor one night, it was not considered as strange or unexpected. With much hunting around the various resorts, he found the doctor in one of the hurdy-houses enjoying a vigorous waltz. After a short whispered conversation, the doctor and Smith departed for the "A" tent, and next morning it was known that the little woman had presented Smith with an heir to his fortunes or misfortunes, in the shape of a fine, plump, healthy little boy. When night had come, it was also known that the industrious, faithful little woman was dead, or, as they expressed it, "the

little woman had turned her toes up on Smith." Whilst her death was regretfully commented on in the town, the unaccountable last lingering relic of decency, that ever exists in the hearts of such people, began to show itself. Men and women in saloon, hurdy and gambling houses, gathered together and planned as to the proper care of the motherless babe, and the burial of its mother. Poor, grief-stricken Lucky Smith was neither consulted nor advised with. The women of Calabazas gathered in the little tent, and, with gentle hands, dressed the dead mother in the best of her poor clothing, and laid her out for burial. Her thin, tired hands, folded on her pure, gentle bosom, clasped a few scentless wild flowers, gathered after a tiresome search through the neighboring small valleys. As they sat around the rough bier, they cried over her dead body as if she had been near and dear to them, and endowed her with every virtue imaginable; yet not one of these had ever had more than a passing word with her.

The babe was fondled and cried over, while with unaccustomed hands they tried to prepare a soda bottle of condensed milk for his sustenance. With that blessed gentleness, and God-like sympathy that makes all women angels in times of trouble and suffering, these outcasts of society gathered around poor Smith with cheering or consoling words and offers of service. The unfortunate fellow was beyond consolation. He realized that his wife's death was a consummation of all the accidents and troubles that could ever happen to him.

Davis, the constable, made a coffin of some spare shelving from the store; he lined and covered it and

THE LITTLE WOMAN TURNS UP HER TOES ON SMITH

its wooden handles with black dress goods from the same place. He tacked the cloth on with broad-headed brass chair tacks, and with the same tacks artistically inscribed her name and birth and death dates upon the lid. One of the hurdy-girls made a pillow from a piece of a satin dress—no doubt a relic of happier and more innocent days. A hanger-on of one of the saloons dug the grave, and of a piece of board from a packing-case the storekeeper made a head-board, into which he deeply cut and inked the little woman's name, her birth and death dates. The women watched the corpse that night, as they could manage to spare time from the hurdy-house, and the following day, followed to the grave by a majority of the people of the town, the poor little dead mother was decently buried on the opposite bluff, and the mound smoothed and patted over her remains, by rough but kindly hands.

There were no set funeral prayers; the only sermon was the subdued talk around the grave, of the honest record of the little woman while in Calabazas; of her charity, industry, cheerfulness under difficulties, and ever readiness to do little acts of kindness for all with whom she had come in contact. The hysterical sobs of the more tender-hearted women were the hymns, and they were mingled with the sincere, heartfelt prayer of everyone that "God might bless the poor little woman's soul." The dead buried and out of sight, all returned to the town to, in a few hours, laugh, dance, drink, gamble, swear or fight, as if there was no such thing as death for them.

Now consider the people that inhabit these tem-

porary western towns ; rough, careless, and apparently lost to all moral restraint or obligation, of quick temper and bloody action, outcasts from society ; in many cases criminals fleeing from justice. Yet these people, with no religious feelings, with no hope of reward either here or hereafter, with no self-glorification, but simply as a matter of course, do the most generous acts, and perform the most beautiful and grateful services that man can for his fellow-man, and in an unobtrusive way ; the more refreshing when compared with the ostentation of those who claim to do it for their Master's sake. A just God cannot but remember at the last day the impulsive kindness and generosity of these gamblers, whisky sellers and hurdy-girls. In Heaven's record there will surely be some bright, approving marks against their names,—marks all the brighter when contrasted with the gloomy blackness of their lives, and it may be that some of them will be herded with the Christian sheep —and take chances.

Let those living in more civilized communities, with their incorporated churches, asylums and charities, compare the charity dispensed by those soulless corporations with the charity of these God-forsaken people. True charity covers a multitude of sins, but true charity comes not from cool calculation or deliberation. True charity cannot be reduced to a business proposition, for it springs impulsively from a sympathetic, generous heart. The heart may be scaled over by a hard and wicked life, but to the one who possesses such a heart, there comes a time when, in spite of its hardened owner, it swells with

sympathy and bursts its scaly armor to the doing of brave and generous deeds. Would this poor woman, steeped in poverty and doing the most menial work, have been so kindly treated and respected in life, so mourned for at death, and so gently laid in an honored grave? Would her motherless babe have been so fondly cared for, or her grief-stricken husband been condoled with, by almost total strangers, if she had borne her honest poverty and died her humble death in the average Christian city? Would not her body have been consigned to the tender mercies of a political undertaker, to be buried in a grave blazoned "pauper," with, if any, a hasty service, performed over her body by some clergyman, bored because there was no fee in sight? And her babe, well, the mortality reports of "Infant Shelters," run by professional philanthropists with money begged from some one else, will give the percentage of a baby's chances for living.

The night of the burial, Lucky Smith's sad bereavement was much talked about. Curly Pete was particularly interested, because he said his mother had died when he was a baby. About ten o'clock, George, Bob and Harry dropped into the Coliseum saloon, and had a few minutes' talk with Pete, shortly after which, during an interval between the keno games, Pete mounted the stand from which the game was called, and made a few remarks to the assembled crowd, as follows:—

"Say, boys, we'll give this game a rest a minit, because I want to chip in a say. Look here! you all know that Lucky's little woman turned up her toes

on him yesterday, and left him a—ah—ah—d—— it! Kid! and (eyeing them sternly) I don't want no grins, neither. Now, boys, they wasn't no finer lady in the land than the little woman, and when she let go of her wind she know'd that Calabazas was going to see to that baby; and Calabazas are, and don't you forgit it, and we are going to see that (looking quickly around the audience), nobody plays that kid for a—a—ah—ah—well, SUCKER! Say, young fellow, there (to one of the assembly), jist come and nudge me once, you are too fresh. Now, boys, me an' George an' Bob an' Harry has been considerin' the matter some, an' we've come to the conclusion that something's got to be done. Lucky aint fit to care for no baby, he's liable to be smashed the first time he turns out. The women says that kid's got to have cow's milk, and there ain't no cows this side of Tubac. Now us boys, of course, want to know what you all think, because the baby belongs to us all, and George here has a set of resolves which, if suitable, you fellows can say so, and then we know everybody will stand in. While George is readin' them, me and Bob will pack the hats."

George mounted the rostrum, and read the following:—

"Resolved—That this being the first baby born in town, and most likely would be the last, and that the mother having died, that it was in the nature of town property. Such being the case, it was unsafe to leave him with Lucky Smith.

"That though Calabazas was superior in every way

to Tubac, it had no cows, and a supply of milk must be brought daily from Tubac on the stage.

"That though the climate of Calabazas was delightful, milk would not remain fresh unless kept on ice, and a supply of ice must be brought on the stage from Tucson daily.

"That Bonnie, having had the baby since it was born, should have charge of it and be paid for its care.

"That as Lucky Smith could not be expected to submit to these views, and pay the expenses, that the baby be cared for by public subscription."

These resolutions were passed unanimously. George Pete, and Bonnie (a very pretty and popular hurdy-girl) were appointed a committee to take charge of the baby, and the amount collected in the hats by Bob and Pete was counted and called out. It a mounted to over a hundred dollars, and many had agreed to pay something every month.

The committee called at the store and arranged for the supplies to be brought as ordered by Bonnie, and then called on Lucky Smith, and informed him of the plans as to the baby, with many encouraging slaps on the shoulder and protestations of friendship and sympathy. Smith fully appreciated their expressions of good will, and desire to do himself and the baby a service, and expressed his thanks for their unostentatious kindness in providing for the care of the baby and the burial of his wife, without expense to himself; at hearing which they told him to "close his jaw." It would have been a mortal offense for him to have even hinted at any future repayment, for they were not educated to that point of charitable economy that

fears to make a bummer of a distressed person by assisting him.

The doctor was next interviewed by the committee, and by them was informed that very much feeling existed against him on account of his permitting the Calabazas baby's mother to die; that he was called in as a doctor in cases of sickness to prevent such a catastrophe, and if he could not do that, he ought to haul in his shingle and go dig clams (not stating where he would find them around Calabazas.) They reminded him of the doctor that was hanged by a committee of citizens at the town of Ratoon, at the foot of the Ratoon Mountain, in New Mexico, because he let a lady die on his hands. However, they would let bygones be by-gones, but he would be expected to look after the baby, and should sickness or death come to that precious infant, there would be serious trouble in store for him. As these men generally carried out their threats, it may be imagined that the doctor was always on tap at the demand of the baby, and he watched that treasure with an eagle eye. Spells of wind colic in the Calabazas baby, generated spells of fear colic in the Calabazas doctor, far more serious to his peace of mind.

Bonnie, though but a hurdy-girl, was as kind and affectionate as she was pretty. She scouted the idea of payment, and said it must go in the baby's fund. A baby never received from its mother better care or more affection than she gave the town baby. She had him with her day and night, and his milk bottle was never empty. Between the doctor's strict and interested attention, and her motherly care, he thrived

wonderfully; was as fine a boy as his sponsors could wish for, and a credit to Calabazas. The house that employed Bonnie was the largest and best patronized in the town, but with the baby's advent there was less noise and fewer fights therein, the baby proving an excellent peacemaker. He was daily carried around the more high toned saloons for an airing, and was the center of attraction, was jocularly asked what he would have, and called "nibsey" and "job lots" and "Jagsey," and other infantile and affectionate names. His good points were passed upon, he was remarked to have a nervy eye, and should he cry when handled too much, glances of admiration would be exchanged over his hasty temper. Some of the sports would have Bonnie sit him beside them on the faro table as a Mascot, and divided their winnings with him. One expert player was so much taken up with him, that he swore that just as soon as the "kid is four years old, I'll take him in hand, and if any body can play him for a sucker at cards when he's five, I'll eat my hat." George's barkeeper laid plans to teach him every known drink and mixture, and Harry intended to devote not less than a year to pistol instruction; in fact, with the university course they had laid out, he would, at ten or twelve years old, have graduated as the most cultivated all-round sport, whisky soak, and bad man that the West could boast of.

The daily stage from Tucson unfailingly brought the baby some little thing in the shape of clothes, toys or ornaments. His trips around the saloons resulted in numerous gifts of money. Many were the quarters, halves and dollars slipped into his chubby pink fists,

from the horny hands of the rail-road laborers and miners that frequented the hurdy-houses. These donations, with the originally subscribed fund, were placed on deposit with the most eminent faro-banker in the town, and he was instructed to increase it by judiciously coppered, straight or case card bets.

Smith was occasionally permitted to fondle the baby, *i.e.*, when Bonnie stood on one side and another girl on the other and one in front, ready to throttle him and grab the baby at the first signs of an accident. Of course Smith gave it a name, but he was the only one that knew what it was; every one else knew it as the "Calabazas Baby," and there was not a man or woman in the town that would not have fought to the death to have preserved that wonderful infant from harm.

Lucky Smith was as industrious as ever, and his wife's death seemed to have taken away his liability to accident. He carried on the laundry in a half-hearted way for a short time, and went to general jobbing again. Some months after his wife's death, he told Bonnie that a married sister of his, married to a contractor on the Sonora Railroad, wished him to bring the baby to her. Bonnie was panic-stricken, and hastened to consult the committee. The committee called on Smith, and he produced letters from his sister to show that he was not trying to "play them for suckers or jays." The letters were couched in most appealing and affectionate terms, for her own baby had just died. The baby being considered as public property, it was with much indignation at Smith's "gall" in claiming the baby among the men,

and grief amongst the women, that they heard of the matter, and it is doubtful if they would have parted with him had it not been for Bonnie, who, notwithstanding her own affection for the baby, could not withstand the appeals of the baby's aunt; and, on her pleadings, he was permitted to be taken away.

The bank deposit, amounting to quite a tidy sum, was put in Smith's hands to be sacredly kept, and invested to create a fund to start the baby in life, should he live, and the father was warned never to show his face in Calabazas again if anything should happen the boy. Handsome George and Bonnie accompanied them to the Line, as a committee of safety, to be sure that Smith did not break his own and the baby's neck on American soil. For several days after their return George was more nervy and hasty than usual, and for weeks poor Bonnie's eyes filled whenever the baby was mentioned. She could never tell often enough of how "the dear little fellow tried to jump out of the stage window into my arms, and clutched the collar of my basque with his rosy fingers, when I was kissing him good-bye, for he just knew no one else would ever be as good to him." Bonnie looked after the little woman's grave, and a Sunday never passed that did not see it weeded, and a few wild flowers or green boughs placed upon the mound by her. They may meet again.

If Lucky Smith is still living, it is to be hoped that he was compensated for the death of his estimable little wife by better fortune, and fewer broken bones or mishaps. It is also to be hoped that the baby is alive, and will grow to be a credit to his father, and

Calabazas (his foster father) which sadly needs a credit to its memory. There was never another baby born in the town, for its people were soon absorbed by Nogales at the Line whence it is but a step—safety.

THE CALABAZAS JUSTICE.

HIS CONSTABLE—HIS TROUBLES—THE FINAL RIOT—HIS DEPARTURE FOR THE LINE.

THE frontier town yearns with a consuming yearn for a local government; it matters not that the town is peopled by a lawless class, that neither respect the law nor fear its minions. Their yearn is as intense and as abiding as if they were a peaceful and quiet community. Of the many reasons which give rise to this yearn, one is that a system of fees is provided, by means of which a constitutionally lazy and shiftless portion of the community is enabled to live a life of laborious ease at the expense of the more industrious; and not the least is, that the law officers in a measure, are of the element that elects them to office, and are not severe should a trivial difference of opinion as to who is the toughest citizen get a constituent into trouble that would prove serious to him if the laws were enforced.

Now, the fact that the average of Calabazas humanity was of unsurpassed rascality, did not at all lessen this paradoxical desire for the forms of law and legal restraint, and it followed that a universal cry

went up from the one hundred or more Calabazans for a local Justice of the Peace and a Constable. An election was ordered, and with a unanimity seldom seen, the choice of Justice fell upon Mr. Drinkwater, U. S. Custom Officer, and for Constable, upon a Mr. Davis, both of whom qualified—in bonds only—and were duly installed after the customary bar-room festivities.

Mr. Drinkwater, or Drinky, hailed from a highly moral prohibition State; but it is not to be inferred that he partook of any of the high moral attributes of that super-virtuous State; in fact, as a consumer of distilled liquors, he was as unexcelled as his other fellow-citizens of Calabazas were unexcelled in their various amiable weaknesses. After an acquaintance with him, one ceased to wonder at the prohibition politics of his native State. There were no degrees in his drunkenness, he was either dead sober or dead drunk; neither were there any degrees in his moods; he was either on a pinnacle of hope and joy, or he was in the depths of despair. His joy was intensified by copious draughts of Mescal, or still more bountiful imbibitions of the same nectar assuaged his grief. After a few preliminary cocktails, he was evenly balanced between excessive hope or the blackest despair, accompanied by tears. Should his thoughts at this moment be crossed by visions of captured smugglers, excessive hope of magnificent rewards, sufficient for a lifetime of heavenly Mescal, took possession of him. Not that he ever saw anything of value smuggled from Mexico, or ever saw anything in Mexico worth smuggling out of that blessed country, but Mescal. In

times of danger or drouth, premonitions of smugglers, called him to the Line, where a distillery operated by day and night. Should the balance sink to the side of despair, fearful pictures of gun-fighters, bent on avenging injuries, assailed his fancy, and still more frightful thoughts of possible treasury agents visiting his department in disguise, to call him to account, increased his misery. Any self-contained, reticent stranger around town was sufficient to bring on him a paroxysm of despair, and cause a temporary visit to the Line.

The older saloon keepers having—on bar tags—sufficient evidences of their misplaced confidence in his solvency, and as the acclimated citizen never invited him to refresh at their expense, excepting when they were themselves in a maudlin state of intoxication, Drinky was obliged to celebrate his joys and drown his sorrow in Mescal, a liquor of flaming, penetrating qualities. Of this choice spirit he managed to keep himself well supplied from the Nogales distillery, where it was to be had for fifty cents a gallon; therefore a visit to Nogales, was going from an internal revenue purgatory to an untaxed paradise.

The Mexican stage was another unfailing source of Mescal supply; the railroad laborers returning from Sonora, being generally loaded down with reserve supplies of this liquor. Drinky's examination of the trunks was perfunctory, but his search of valises and gripsacks was rigid. With virtuous indignation and governmental sternness would the tariff tax be demanded, or the Mescal confiscated. Taxes on occa-

sional loads of oranges or lemons was about all the other revenue of the office.

Returns of the confiscated Mescal were made to his ever parched throat. His cash returns were made to the distillery at Nogales. The El Paso Collector was ignored in either case, hence Drinky's continual fears of treasury agents. After a successful cash foray on stage passengers or orange freighters, he would leave Calabazas in ecstacies of hope that he might intercept a band of smugglers—which of course would be sure to enter by the most traveled route,—ride to Nogales, and return full of the glorious Mescal, and a contingent supply, well housed in two demijohns, one of which would swing from either side of his saddle bow.

Upon being elected Justice, Drinky, without loss of time, rented from himself, as Custom Officer, the right to use the Custom House as a Court room, which arrangement was favorable to him from any point of view that he looked at it. A Justice's Docket was bought by popular subscription. His law library consisted of a U. S. Revised Statutes, one half of a Pocket Dictionary, a treatise on Chicken Culture, and a three year old Medical Polyglot Almanac in the English, Spanish, Scandinavian, and Chinese languages, bound in black, upon which, on account of its color and vagueness, witnesses were sworn.

Davis, the Constable, a burly fellow, claimed for himself a fearless record. He carried a pocketful of photographs of noted criminals, and gazed long and seriously at new arrivals, much to their discomposure. He was never known to be on hand to quell a disturbance, or to arrest any one, but a woman or Chinaman.

He made many boisterous starts after fleeing criminals, but, unless Chinese, they invariably reached the boundary line and safety. He had a phenomenally intelligent horse that, when chasing criminals, never failed to contract some ailment that disabled him, as soon as the little ridge was crossed that shut them from the view of the town. A pebble in the road, an unlucky nail, a twist of the leg in a rut, he never missed—except when chasing a Chinaman, who would be brought in triumphal entry at the animal's tail.

Davis preparing to earn mileage fees was a sight to be remembered. His splendid horse, furnished with a saddle that was the choicest specimen of the Mexican saddler's handiwork, a mass of ornamented leather and bearskin, heavily silver mounted, with numberless buckskin thongs flying about it; the horse's head hidden in a network of silver rosettes and hair bridle gear, connected with a Spanish bit large enough for a stove grate, which, when the horse champed upon it, could be heard a block away. Davis mounted, sombrero on head, bearskin leggings, riata tied to the saddle-horn, Winchester rifle across the saddle-bow, bowie-knife in boot leg, two ivory handled revolvers slung to his massive silver mounted waist belt, full of pistol cartridges, and over his shoulders a belt filled with rifle cartridges, was a knight fit to capture the State of Sonora—without a requisition.

The crowning glory of his regalia were his spurs. They were of polished, plated, and engraved steel, having rowels not less than four inches in diameter. Great twisted, polished steel chains, looped over, under and around the foot, and fastened with heavy steel

buckles, held the spurs in place. Pendant on either side hung a number of pear-shaped steel buttons, which jingled musically when the horse was in motion, and warned fleeing criminals that the constable was on their trail. On horseback, the spurs immortalized him; but, dismounted, they detracted from his dignity, and put him on mortal level. Afoot, he was a painful sight, he walked as one afflicted with some serious affection of the knee joint, even the musical tinkling of the bells, and his deadly decorations could not distract attention from the halty, high lifted footsteps necessary to clear his heavy laden feet from the ground as he entered a saloon; but, notwithstanding his impressive and warlike appearance, Davis' campaigns, except after Chinese, were disastrous failures, In the expressive language of the Calabazas poker sharp, the Constable and Justice were "a good pair."

No business of importance came before the Justice the first month or two. A few Chinamen and Mexicans, people whom no one cared for except as a source of income, were fined on general principles. These fines supplied a grateful, though limited, Mescal and gambling fund to the officers. At length a peculiarly atrocious murder was committed at one of the hurdy-houses, the particulars of which were most foul and brutal.

In all frontier towns there are a few good natured harmless beings, almost imbecile from the alcoholic disease, who hang around saloons and hurdy-houses doing menial chores, their sole pay being an occasional dime, or a drink of the precious and energizing whisky; their meals, fugitive crackers and consump-

tive sardines from the bar lunch; and their beds, a saloon chair or bench. It is an extraordinary coincidence that they are always known as "Jack" or "Billy." Have persons bearing these names a natural tendency to go to the devil? Parents beware!

One of these poor fellows was employed at the Big Casino hurdy-house, to do the chores and to call the dance figures. He was pursuing his nightly vocation, and the dance was in full progress, when the Big Casino was entered by Rocky Dick, a "bad man" of Calabazas, accompanied by a couple of friends. The trio had been drinking heavily, and Rocky Dick had come to interview Harry, the proprietor, for the purpose of settling some ancient score or imagined insult; his friends accompanied him to see that he received fair play—and got the drop. Harry not being in, the whisky laden voice of the ruffian was raised in giving utterance to dire threats, and the most fearful, complicated, and abundant oaths, confirmatory of his intention to "do up" his enemy of the Big Casino at the first opportunity.

His friends, armed to the teeth, stood around the entrance, so that none could leave the house to warn the expected victim. The music ceased, and the dancers stood in their places; nothing was to be heard but the drunken voice of Rocky Dick, catechising Billy as to the whereabouts or expected return of the proprietor. Poor Billy, docile and mild mannered, deprecated the wrath of Rocky Dick, and vainly attempted to make peace for his absent employer. He tried to mollify Dick by proper humility, and earnestly insisted that he was laboring under

a mistake, caused by mischief makers who desired to see a fight, and told him of the many friendly expressions that Harry had used concerning him.

The result of Billy's friendly efforts was fatal to himself, for instead of being mollified, Rocky Dick, intent on murdering some one, wasted no more time in inconsequent talk, but placidly rested the muzzle of his revolver against William's head, and with the touch of a finger on the trigger, released that friendly person from all earthly cares and friendships. Billy had called his last dance; the unfortunate fellow fell dead where he had stood. The murderer ordered the dancing to proceed; and this almost inconceivable ruffian, as he stood by the dead body of his victim with the smoking pistol in his hand, called out the remaining figures of the interrupted quadrille. When the dance ended, Rocky Dick stepped into the darkness, and was not again seen in Calabazas. Though there were twenty armed men present, no attempt was made to arrest the murderer. This was the town's first "natural death" since the election. With the disappearance of the murderer, the music and dancing ceased for a night, but the bar reaped a harvest from the witnesses to the affair, and from those brought there by curiosity.

In a few minutes all Calabazas knew of the murder. Drinky and Davis were hunted up, and much indignation was expressed that they had not been on hand to save Billy's life. As soon as it was ascertained that the slayer had resigned the freedom of Calabazas, there was a consuming desire for his arrest; every man in town offered to lend some other man a rifle,

or horse, or pistol, that the fugitive might be pursued and arrested. Davis' horse became suddenly lame, and Drinky was afflicted with a complication of disorders that kept him in bed. At day-light a cattleman came into town and said that the murderer had stopped at the grader's camp, and forced a teamster to saddle a fine mule, which he had then mounted, and ridden toward to the Line, thus adding to the murder the more heinous crime—in Arizona—of mule stealing.

The anger of the Calabazans now knew no bounds. Every man in the town was in favor of every other man invading Mexico to arrest this ruffian, and an emissary was despatched to demand the presence of the Justice. When that store house of legal lore was made aware that the murderer was supposedly on Mexican soil, he became so enraged that he arose, dressed himself, braced up with Mescal, and visited the Big Casino, where, before accepting treats, he took a cursory view of Billy's dead body that still lay where it had fallen. After viewing the dead body, indulging at the bar, and again making sure that the murderer had left the Territory, Drinky, with great alacrity, ordered Davis to pursue and arrest him. That valiant officer was neither a hasty nor inconsiderate man, and reasoned with himself that Rocky Dick possibly had not yet crossed the Line, therefore any hasty pursuit might bring them together more closely than desirable, and informed Drinky that he must issue a warrant. This the Justice refused to do until he had first consulted his law library. Finding nothing in the U. S. Revised Statutes, the Fragmental

THE FIRST
NATURAL
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AT CALABAZA

Dictionary, the Treatise on Chicken Culture, or the Polyglot Almanac, bearing upon a Justice's duties, he declined to issue a warrant until after the inquest. Drinky feared that Rocky Dick was not surely out of the way, and that he might take a flying visit to Calabazas, and interview him concerning such a serious breach of etiquette.

Billy's body was brought to the corral, and laid out in a stall, for the Big Casino girls objected to stumbling over it when waltzing. Drinky, as coroner, immediately summoned a jury, and an inquest was held. The jury viewed the body, to re-assure themselves that Billy was still dead, and, returning to the courtroom, took in all the evidence, whisky and cigars brought forward. Drinky consulted the Revised Statutes. Whilst reading, the news came in that the murderer had been seen coming toward Calabazas. Drinky immediately charged the jury to bring in a verdict of "death from natural causes," for, said he, "When Rocky wanted Casino Harry, Billy should not have argued with him; and it was only natural that he should suffer for unnecessarily drawing Rocky's anger upon himself." One-half of the jury brought in a verdict of "murder," which was contrary to instructions; the other half brought in a verdict as directed, "death from natural causes," which was entered, and Billy was then planted upon the mesa with about as much ceremony as a fence post.

The verdict caused much feeling among those not identified with the proceedings, and therefore had nothing to fear from Rocky Dick. These citizens,

backed by the legal advice of Crandall, demanded that a warrant be issued. About the same time, a party just from Nogales said the murderer had been seen a little beyond the line. Upon hearing this, Drinky erased the verdict of "death from natural causes," and inserted, "death from a gun shot wound fired with murderous intent by Rocky Dick," and issued a warrant for that gentleman's immediate arrest. Davis, donning his regalia to the last cartridge, mounted his horse—that sagacious animal having recovered from his temporary ailment—and soon disappeared behind the ridge at the head of the valley.

Davis, when he left Calabazas, felt fully assured that Rocky Dick, after stealing the mule, had ridden safely into Mexico. If his deductions were correct, his duty would end when he reached Nogales, and was assured there that the murderer had passed on his way south, for on no account would he invade a friendly State after him. Feeling secure in his belief, Davis rode leisurely along the dusty road. The jingle of his war-like accoutrements kept time to the half trot, half walking gait of his horse. The broad brim of his hat was pulled down to shade his eyes from the glaring sun, and he was thinking intently of the lucky windfall in fees that the murder would bring him. Abstruse calculations concerning the number of miles he could ride at fifteen cents a mile, while hunting Rocky, caused thoughtful wrinkles to cover his forehead. Extradition papers might be issued that would enable him to profitably extend his trip over the Mexican States, after the roads and trails had

been exhausted in making mileage throughout Arizona and New Mexico. He would write to friends in the various towns asking them to tell the local papers that they had seen Rocky at those places. Of course he would have to go and investigate, the mileage would be all right. If he could only sneak up on Dick and get the drop. "If—Ah! I have it. The Mexican officers! The Costa Garde! that's it, they aint afraid of the devil!" For twenty dollars they would follow and arrest, or kill Rocky; would bind him hand and foot and deliver him over now, or hold him in the hills till a reward was offered, and then divide. He would tackle them as soon as he reached Nogales. Rocky "wasn't no pigeon," and maybe the boys wouldn't think he had nerve when he brought him in —oh, no! Ha, ha! he would tell how he trailed him into Mexico and rode into his ambush, and Rocky had the drop; but, before he could shoot, he just slid off his horse on the far side, drew a bead on Rocky, and——

"Hey, there! —— —— you! hold up your hands!" Bang!

At the sound of the shot, Davis instinctively hugged his horse's neck. The frightened animal reared and, before he could be checked, was within a few feet of Rocky, who, pistol in hand, stood under the bushes in a little stream that washed the foot of the hill, around which the road suddenly turned, and Davis would have seen him first if that astute officer had not been so intently thinking of mileage, rewards, and the lies to be told his constituents.

In his efforts to check the frightened horse, the

worse frightened constable let fall his rifle, and lost his pistols from the holsters at his waist. In spite of his surprise and struggle with the horse, he retained enough presence of mind to yell lustily,

"I'll stop! ——, don't shoot! Let go, Rocky! —— the horse! hold down your gun! I ain't nothing against you! Whoa! —— you!"

With a watchful eye and sarcastic grin Rocky Dick waited until the horse was quieted, and then said, while he kept his pistol levelled on Davis,

"Put them hams up, and no fooling."

The constable's hands went up in a flash. Rocky then stepped out into the road, picked up the rifle and pistols, took the knife from Davis' boot leg, and made him throw his shoulder and waist cartridge belts to the roadside. Rocky tossed the newly acquired war material into the bushes across the stream, and took up his first position with his feet in the water, never letting Davis get from before the pistol. He now asked him, "Looking for me? I ought to give you one for luck."

"Who? Me? Why, I never lost you, Dick!"

"What in the devil are you doing here then?"

"Who? Me? Why, I was just going to Nogales."

"You were, hey?" (sarcastically): "Yes, you were." (Fiercely): "Well, you ain't going to no —— Nogales."

"Why, I don't want you, Dick. I haven't anything against you, nor you against me. Looking for you! Blazes, Dick, there ain't no reward out for you yet! I ain't working for my health. I wouldn't arrest you now!"

Dick (sotto voce): "Arrest ——, I guess not!"

"Say, Rocky, honest, what made you kill Billy?"

"It was an accident, Davis. I was full, and I shot him before I thought. Harry was the man I wanted. I was Billy's friend, and if you fellows will square things, I'll pay all the burying expenses and put up a nice stone."

Davis gave Dick all of the Calabazas news, and Dick explained that he was foot sore from running to the graders camp, and had camped so near the Line, because he had no money to pay the Mexican's duty on his mule; he was now waiting for his friends to bring him some money. The two exchanged opinions on the merits of the various kinds of pistols, and Davis condoled with Rocky on the hard times he would have among the "Greasers." Having conversationally smoothed the way, Davis now made urgent and pitiful appeals to Dick to return him the weapons, after unloading them, and taking the cartridges from the belts. He protested his friendship, and tried to impress Dick with the ridiculousness of thinking any law officer would look for him until a reward was offered. With almost tears in his eyes, and a whining voice, he spoke of the scorn that he would meet with from the Calabazans if he should return in such a plight; but Rocky was unmoved, and only said "Rats." He was as adamant, no appeal, no fervid tender of friendship, no strenuous denial of intention to arrest could move him, he simply said, "Now you git."

Davis turned his horse homeward, and had dejectedly gone but a few feet, when he suddenly brightened up,

checked his horse, turned himself in the saddle, and hailed Rocky:

"Say, Rocky, you're jam up on the Line and can step over in a minute, spose you let me take the mule home; the boys are out on a hunt for it, and there'll be trouble if they drop along."

Rocky grasped at this opportunity for ridding himself of some of his enemies, and gratefully said,

"That's so. Thanks, old pard. Wait a minute and I'll get him for you."

While Dick was putting an old saddle and bridle on the mule, Davis actually began to whistle softly as he thought of leading the animal into town and the plausible story he would tell of how, after a desperate chase he had lost Dick, but had captured the mule, and that the Mexican officers had confiscated his weapons, because he had come armed into Mexico. At this moment Dick led the mule to Davis, and said, "Now, you take the mule back to the boys, and tell them I'll do as much for them some day."

"All right," said Davis, as he reached out for the mule's bridle; "you are doing the square thing. So long old man."

"But," said Dick, "you'd better ride the mule."

"Oh, I can lead him," said Davis.

"Get down off that horse!" sternly commanded Dick, raising his pistol, "I'm going to trade you."

Davis did not care about trading, but Rocky and the pistol were so persistent that he slowly dismounted and began unsaddling his horse.

"None of that," said Dick. "We'll trade even;" and he said it so shortly, that Davis hurriedly mounted

the mule and again headed for Calabazas, cursing himself for his unfortunate suggestion to Dick.

Now, although Davis had ridden but nine miles after leaving Calabazas, he journeyed one hundred and thirty miles before again reaching that haven; for as soon as he was out of Rocky's sight, he cut across the mesas, and, avoiding Calabazas or other settlements, rode straight for Tucson, where he arrived the next night. There he purchased new weapons, and returned to Calabazas a week after leaving in pursuit of Dick. He told a lurid story of his chase after Dick, of trailing him with blood-hound sagacity; of having chased him into a cañon, and just as he had done so, the Mexicans had arrested him for coming armed and without a requisition into Mexico after a criminal, and of having to bribe the Mexican officer with his horse and saddle to release him, and much more to the same effect. In conclusion, he said that Rocky had talked with him after the Mexicans interfered, saying, that the killing of Billy was an accident, and as soon as he could get bonds, he was going to return and surrender himself, and would make it hot for his enemies.

When Drinky heard this, he was all upset. Rocky coming back to surrender himself! These bad men were full of deceit, and so unreliable!

His fertility of resource again came into play; he erased the verdict of "murder" from his docket, and inserted therein that Billy had "died from the accidental discharge of a pistol wound in the hand of Rocky Dick."

The murderer was afterward strung up by some railroad hands in Sonora, whom he had offended. Pete-the-rancher, who had been an unseen witness to

the meeting between Rocky and Davis, eventually gave the true version of the affair.

During one of Drinky's periodical visits to the Line, in pursuit of his special happiness, a fight took place between two hurdy girls. The combatants were arrested by the vigilant Davis, and incarcerated in the corral. A deputy was sworn in to keep strict watch and ward that they might not escape, and cause the loss of numerous Mescals or poker-chips for which their fines would pay. Davis hunted up Drinky, who, without loss of time, returned and convened court. Drinky was a prudent Justice. In his court "Plaintiff" and "Defendant," as distinguishing legal terms, were replaced by "Cash" and "No Cash." If the defendant was "broke," and the plaintiff "flush," the plaintiff was fined all the traffic would bear; if vice versa, then vice versa. If both had money, a fine was imposed on each. He could see neither sense nor profit in locking up penniless persons just to feed and watch, and two penniless offenders would not be arrested. As his decisions of this character had affected none but miners, laborers—who were friendless till pay day—or women, no great umbrage was taken; to the contrary, the Calabazans rather justified his methods, as the money was but a few hours passing from the court's hands into theirs.

The Court was called to such order as might be possible, where Judge, Constable, prisoners, witnesses, and spectators were standing, lounging or sitting around, chewing, smoking, and talking in a small room. During the trial, the witnesses and prisoners had no false delicacy about giving the lie direct to

each other, or to the Hon. Justice, as the occasion might demand. Such gross breaches of legal decorum were punished by a fine in one breath, to be remitted in the next—should the fined ones hint that they might have a word to say after Court adjourned. As no fighting man appeared in behalf of the plaintiff, and a very tough one championed the defendant, the Court, irrespective of the evidence, fined the plaintiff forty-five dollars or thirty days in the corral; for, as he said, she could have run away and avoided the conflict. The Court also felt sure that the other girls would subscribe and pay the fine. The convicted girl, being far more valuable in a hurdy-house than as a corral inmate, Boston Charlie, a hurdy man, paid her fine, and carried her off in triumph. Drinky was again possessed of a Mescal fund of magnitude and dimensions, which was speedily divided between himself and Davis, both of whom sought a favorite saloon and game, to be in a few hours as bankrupt as before.

Now it was that Drinky was to find that "Uneasy lies the head that wears a crown." Scarcely had he retired in the morning to snatch a much needed rest, after a night's vigils at the faro table, than he was confronted by the hurdy-man who had so chivalrously paid the girl's fine. The gentleman was fully "heeled," and, without unnecessary ceremony, in tones forcible and profane, demanded of Drinky that he "fork over that forty-five dollars, and fork it over pretty —— quick."

This abrupt and businesslike cavalier curtly explained that the girl had promised to dance in his house if he would pay her fine. A difference of opinion

had arisen between them while worshipping at the shrine of Bacchus, he claiming that she should work it out, and she, that the payment was in the nature of a royalty or retainer, to insure her charming presence in his saloon. Not being able to reconcile their differences, she, with the treachery and venom that is inherent in the female sex, absconded to a rival house; therefore, as he tersely said, "he'd be —— if he was sucker enough to pay any forty-five dollars for her."

When Drinky had sufficiently recovered from the shock brought on him by this sudden and unparalleled demand, he vainly reasoned with the reclamatory hurdy-man. He spoke of the dignity attached to the office of Justice; the man said there was just as much dignity in forty-five dollars. Then Drinky laid down the law, as set forth in the U. S. Revised Statutes, the Chicken Compendium, the lacerated Dictionary, and the Polyglot Almanac. The hurdy-man defied the law and condemned the law-makers. Drinky then said that he should not be expected to make restitution of more than one-half the money, as Davis had the other half. The hurdy-man said that he had given no money to Davis; if Drinky had he had better take it out of Davis' hide—something Drinky was incapable of doing. Drinky was in desperate straits; he had not anticipated this. He was without a dollar, and the man facing him had two pistols, and an extremely wicked glare in his eyes. The girl could not be re-arrested, for the fine had been paid and she had been discharged. Bewildered by the magnitude of his trouble, Drinky begged for time; the hurdy-man complacently granted him two hours—in his company.

In company with Boston Charlie and sudden death, Drinky started on a forlorn hunt after the necessary forty-five dollars and salvation. The sympathetically offered whiskies, gins, and Mescals, had no enticement for him in his great tribulation. He could find no one who cared to make a total loss of forty-five dollars, by loaning it to a gentleman of his known financial shakiness, and each refusal plunged him into deeper despair. Unsuccessfully he tried to borrow the whole amount from one person, or portions of it from several. He was about to give up in despair and let the hurdy-man work his will, when he thought of his friend the storekeeper. It was his last chance, and he would try him. He appealed to the storekeeper, and poured forth his tale of woe, the hurdy-man meanwhile standing grimly by. When Drinky had finished his story, the storekeeper shook his head negatively, could not accommodate him—Tucson remittances, etc.

Standing near Drinky as he made his appeal was an Englishman—a rosy cheeked, quiet, good-natured looking fellow, one of those who wear cork hats and Havelocks indiscriminately at the Pyramids or on an Arctic glacier, and devote their lives to globe trotting. One whom the customs of Calabazas had kept in a perpetual fog of astonishment, and afloat with brandy and soda.

He had listened intently to the blood-curdling tale, of the consequences that would ensue if the forty-five dollars were not forthcoming, and, as Drinky turned despairingly away, he quickly, and without comment, slipped two twenties and a ten dollar gold piece into his hand. Drinky almost burst a blood vessel in the

excess of his bewilderment; a total change came over himself and Boston Charlie. He passed the two twenties to Charlie, and gazed at the remaining ten with unalloyed pleasure. Enough would remain for many joyful and blissful Mescals. Boston Charlie avariciously eyeing the ten, grasped Drinky's hand fervently, saying, "Drinky, old man, you are all right; I haven't anything agin you; come down to-night and have a dance and a time with me."

Answered Drinky: "I say, Charlie, let us call heads or tails to see who shall take the whole ten." Charlie agreed, and they flipped the gold piece right before that surprised Briton's face. Drinky winning the money, they left the store arm in arm, the Judge first telling his benefactor, with great dignity, that he was obliged for the temporary accommodation, and as he expected his salary warrant in a day or two, would repay him. There were no strings on his expectations, though there were many on his salary, which was invariably discounted six months ahead. Neither Drinky nor Charlie invited the Englishman to refresh himself at his own expense, nor was the money repaid him. The following morning he left for Mexico, whence he had come.

After Drinky had parted from Boston Charlie, he met Crandall, who advised that a full entry be made on the Docket that the forty-five dollars had been returned under threats and duress, for by doing this he could keep his Docket straight, and not be forced to account for the fine to the county. He had already erased the conviction and fine entry, and had entered up an acquittal of the girl; but as he thought Cran-

dall's advice was sound, his handy knife erased the verdict of acquittal, and re-entered the conviction and fine; also that the fine had been returned under duress, and threats of great bodily harm.

Now Charlie being a shrewd fellow, upon whom were no flies—but the Calabazas ones—suspected that Drinky would, as usual, tamper with the Docket, to the future peril of his (Charlie's) peace and person, therefore the next day he honored "Old Man" Drinky with another visit, and demanded to see the Docket. When the ponderous tome was opened and read, he levelled his cocked pistol at "Old Boy" Drinky's head, and prevailed upon him to erase all that reflected upon him (Charlie) in any way, and to let the conviction stand with the fine entered as paid.

Drinky began to tire of judicial honors. His judge's couch had been one of thorns instead of roses. There were too many dangers to be apprehended from bad men, who might object to his decisions if not in consonance with their wishes. Though the fees and fines, when collected, supplied abundant Mescal money, they were too transitory; too many of the fined recalled their money after it had been spent, and they were therefore more in the nature of temporary loans. Again, the county officers might call for his docket, and demand an account; in fact, the office was so surrounded with disagreeable contingencies that he decided to resign and retire to private life. It was a solace that his bondsmen were worthless, and could not be injured in any event.

Drinky was foolish enough to openly signify his intention of resigning. As this would be an indelible

disgrace to Calabazas, several of the more patriotic citizens met, and being fully armed, not only convinced him that it would be very unadvisable to think of resigning, but extremely dangerous as well. With great cunning Drinky then induced his bondsmen to withdraw. When it was known that the bondsmen had withdrawn, it was surprising to see the number of hurdy-men and rustlers who insisted upon going on his bonds. At last Drinky reconciled himself, and made no further attempts to go contrary to the "popular will."

Having, in his capacity as coroner and police magistrate, made his mark, or several of them, and rubbed them out, and replaced them with other marks, Drinky, it was natural to think, would now wear his enforced ermine with some pride and pleasure; but for him neither pride nor pleasure existed when the income was insecure, and his Docket showed a large indebtedness to the County. This last did not keep him awake at all, for it was only a short distance to the Line and the cancellation of all Arizona debts; but Mescal money was a desideratum, and he ever prayed for fees to come, upon which there could be no reclamation. He looked with jaundiced eyes on Davis, who never divided or refunded, and whose monthly mileage fees were enough to have carried him all over Arizona.

Early one morning, Drinky, cold sober, was in a mournful, bemoaning reverie over the bitter fate that had left him barren of a Mescal stake, and taxing his ingenuity to conceive some way of raising such stake, when he was interrupted by Casino Harry, who dropped in to say that he wanted a wedding ceremony per-

formed between himself and Bonnie, who had been in the dumps since the Calabazas Baby had gone over the Line. Crandall had informed them that Drinky could get them into fully as much trouble as any preacher or priest in America; hence the call upon him. Harry stated he preferred it that way, because, since the Rev. Jones' experience he had "kinder lost faith in the gospel sharps." He also said that they wished to be married that night, but on no account for him to mention it, for he "didn't want to be joshed or have any monkey business about it." As an earnest that no rebating or dead heading was expected, he handed the thirsty Justice a ten dollar piece, which so surprised Drinky that he almost fainted.

Drinky immediately perched on the loftiest pinnacle of hope; he could hardly be restrained from instantly setting forth for the Line, where he felt assured that vast hordes of smugglers were in the distillery, preparing to cross with the wealth of the Indies. He was prevailed upon to subside himself by the hurdy-girls, that had dropped in to assist in decorating the room, and who, without awaiting Drinky's pleasure, cleaned up and arranged the room to suit their own taste. The cracker boxes were unceremoniously chucked out of the window. The table was moved to one end of the room, and over it was festooned the American flag, belonging to the Custom House. Cottonwood boughs were tied to the ceiling joists to give the room a bowery appearance, and chairs were brought in and arranged around the sides. At the opposite end from the table, a corner was partitioned off by means of several sheets pinned together; this was to be a vestal

chamber, in which the bride could remain with her friends, until composed enough to sacrifice herself on the altar of matrimony.

Finding himself ignored and treated with contumely by the ladies, Drinky adjourned to the saloon underneath. Now when Drinky, ten dollars and a bar were in conjunction, there was a powerful pull all around, powerful enough to increase the eccentricity of his orbit and pull him to the floor—in most instances.

He was in the bar-room but a few minutes, before the bottle and ten dollar piece were convivially tapped. Drinky was very thoughtful, and each drink increased his solemnity. Presently, between drinks, he leaned over and confidentially asked the barkeeper if he had a prayer book. That worthy, without loss of time, placed his revolver where it could be reached readily, should Drinky give further evidence of being dangerously insane, and shortly answered, "Naw, and you don't git no more liquor here nuther." Drinky hereupon, being stricken with a great whisky grief, seated himself on a cracker box. sobbed for a few moments, and then, wiping his eyes, asked, "Did you ever marry anybody?"

This was too much, it was infringing on the sacred feelings of friendship. No man could stand having such unheard of questions propounded in dead earnest, and not cut loose from all ties of amity and friendship. Drinky was up to something, and would maybe hoodoo the house. Great Caesar! he might kneel down and begin praying right where he was! The very thought of such a disaster almost stopped the barkeeper's heart beat; he grabbed the pistol in one hand, rushed to

Drinky, caught that much changed gentleman by the scruff of the neck, and hustled him from the place with "It's none of your —— business, —— may I be ——. By the jumping ——! it's my —— business whether I ever married anybody or not;" and re-entered the saloon, where he sat perspiring, swearing, and casting baleful glances at the Judge, who had fallen on his hands and knees, and remained in that position crying, or singing that "A bird sat on a hickory limb," to the tune of "Nearer my God to Thee." Cum Sing hearing the sob-laden song, came out and straightened him up. Drinky leaned heavily on him, and tearfully asked if he was married. Cum Sing, fully as much surprised as had been the bar-keeper, shook himself loose from his questioner, and went into the hotel, muttering, "D'linky him clazy; wha's malla him? Wha fo' me get mallied? He allee time d'lunk. Umph!"

After standing for a minute or two in the street, Drinky staggered upstairs to his office. The room had been prepared for the wedding, and the girls had left. He sat by the table, and, resting his head on his arm, slept a short time. Awakening, he went to the library shelf, took down his favorite books of reference, and from behind them a bottle half full of Mescal, hidden away in more prosperous times to tide over famine periods. He brought them to the table, opened the books, and, laying them to his hand, took a swig from the bottle.

Having never witnessed a wedding, he was completely at loss, and closely scanned the books to find something bearing upon marriage, but could find

nothing on the subject, excepting in the Chicken Treatise, and that was an article on the proper method of mating buff-cochin fowls. He closed his books with a sigh, took another swig from the bottle, and determined to look around for some person who had been married, to enlighten him. Unfortunately, Crandall was in Tucson. Hearing the Tucson stage in, he went downstairs hoping that Crandall might be a passenger. But there were two or three women and a Mexican only. The women went into the Palace Hotel to wait until the stage started, and Drinky went on his hunt after marriage information. Seeing the storekeeper standing in his door, he walked over, and after a few preliminary remarks, asked abruptly,

"Say, were you ever married?"

The storekeeper turned as white as a sheet, and asked in turn,

"What do you ask me that for?"

"Because I want to know."

"What do you want to know for?"

"I won't tell you till you answer my question."

"Well—(pretending to see a customer in the store) all right, I'm coming. Say, Drinky, wait a minute; I'll be right back."

The storekeeper hastened into the store, grasped the arm of his clerk, whispered mysteriously to him and went out the back door to the corral, where he saddled a horse and rode off in the direction of the Line. Drinky sat on the box whittling for about half an hour, and wondering what kept the storekeeper. The clerk presently lounged out to where he was, and said to him

"Say, Drinky, what did you say to the boss?"

"I didn't say anything to him, except to ask him if he was ever married. I'm waiting for him."

The clerk whistled, thoughtfully rubbed his chin, and asked,

"Any women on the coach?"

"Yes, two or three."

The clerk whistled a little more. "Are you waiting for the boss?"

"Yes, and I wish he would come."

"I wouldn't wait. The boss has gone to Tucson."

"Gone to Tucson! when the devil did he go there! He told me to wait a minute."

"I don't know; he told me he was going, and for me not to say anything about it, right away. He didn't like something you said to him."

Drinky was puzzled. He tried to think of what he could possibly have said to either offend or frighten the man, and the more he thought the more he was confused. As he slowly walked along, trying to unravel the matter, he was hailed by the Doctor, who was standing at his tent door.

"Hello, Drinky, come over."

"Hello, Doc. Say, you are just the man I am looking for."

Drinky went across to the Doctor, and both entered the tent. After a short conversation on general matters, the Doctor said,

"What did you want to see me for, Drink?"

"Oh, yes! Say, Doc., you've been married, haven't you?"

The Doctor's vivacity was gone in a moment. He

straightened up on the camp chair as if his back bone had been suddenly petrified. He eyed Drinky, who was trimming his nails, and with great dignity answered,

"No, Mr. Drinkwater, I have never had that pleasure."

Drinky, startled by the change in the Doctor's manner and tone, looked up into his face with a fixed stare of surprise. The Doctor seemed to shrivel and wilt before the stare, for he grasped and effusively shook Drinky's hand, saying,

"Drinky, old man, you'll believe my sacred word of honor, won't you?"

"Of course, Doc.," answered the amazed Drinky.

"Well, Drinky, you are a Justice, and can administer oaths, and I swear to you now,—say, have you a Bible?"

"What in the devil is the matter with you, Doc.?"

"Nothing, but I just want to convince you. Drinky, here is the "Guiacum" bottle. "G" stands for God, and I'll swear on that "G" that I never was married."

"Well, Doc., I believe you. Your word's enough; I only asked for a certain purpose."

For a few moments there was a constrained silence; it was broken by the Doctor saying,

"Coach in?"

"Yes, long ago."

"Any passengers?"

"Two or three women and a Greaser."

More constrained silence, again broken by the Doctor:

"I was just starting for Tubac as you dropped in. Very sick child, and I must be going."

They bade each other a chilly "so long." Drinky went out into the street, and the doctor to his stable tent, where he saddled his horse, and, in a short while, was riding rapidly toward Pete's-the-rancher.

Drinky wandered aimlessly up the street, in a more confused condition than before. How he did wish the widow or Lucky Smith were still in town. They could inform him. Why did'nt Harry go to Tucson? If he hadn't spent the ten dollars he'd give it back and let him go elsewhere. He would go and take a drink. In pursuance of his last resolve, he went into the Pantheon, shook Bob's barkeeper—Johnnie—for the drinks, won, and ordered a cocktail. While the cocktail was being mixed, he was impressed that Johnnie had the appearance of a married man; he would ask him. So he broached the subject with—

"Say, Johnnie, were you ever married?"

The question was hardly from Drinky's mouth, before the glass of cocktails went smashing to the floor from Johnnie's nerveless hand, and that handsome, mashing, nervy and hasty gentleman stood as dumb as an oyster, open mouthed and staring at Drinky with protruding eyes. Suddenly a broad grin covered his face, he kicked the broken glass under the counter, and, reaching over, grasped Drinky's hand, saying:

"That's one on me, Drinky. Ha-ha-ha! why, you just took my wind away. I thought you asked me if I had ever been murdered. Ha-ha-ha! Well, I'm——. What'll you have? I was thinking of something else. You will have one on me from this out when you want

it. Was I ever married? Ha-ha. No, Drinky, I never was; and, old boy, I don't want to be."

Drinky listened with a sad, sanguinary, death-bed smile on his face. He did not try to think any more, he would be as crazy as all he had been talking to if he did; so he swallowed his cocktail, then took one with Johnnie, and then anticipated two days on Johnnie and took a couple more. He now began feeling better, and almost entirely forgot about the wedding. Having no further business in the Pantheon, he bade Johnnie "See you again," and started to go, when Johnnie asked:

"Stage in?"

"Yes, long ago."

"Any passengers?"

"Couple of women and a Greaser."

"Have any talk with them? Did you ask the news?"

"Didn't have to ask. One of them was a sassy little blonde that would talk you deaf, dumb, and blind in a minute. She gave all the news."

Johnnie walked from behind the bar and over to Drinky, and threw his arm over the Judge's shoulder.

"Gabby blonde; well dressed, thinks she owns the earth. The blondes all do."

"Did you see her?" said Drinky.

"No, I thought so from what you said about her. Come, Drinky, have another with me."

While Drinky had another with him, Johnnie confidentially told him that he was going to start for Tombstone as soon as Bob came in; had just heard his brother had been in a shooting scrape, and he wanted

to get him over the Line until things were "squared," so if any one asks for me, Drinky, you don't know where I am—sabee"

Drinky, wondering at Johnnie's unusual generosity, returned to the Custom House. He was no sooner away than Johnnie despatched a messenger for Bob, from whom he borrowed a horse to go and see his " brother who was sick at the railroad camp," and rode toward the Line. He had not been gone longer than a half hour when Pete-the-rancher rode furiously into town, halted at the Golden Fleece, and excitedly asked the bystanders.

"What the devil's up down at the Line?"

The crowd was very much surprised at the question, did not know of anything having happened at Nogales, and asked him, "Why?"

"Well, the storekeeper went by my place like he was running a quarter race, and I hollered to know "What's up," and he yelled back something and waved his hand. He was hardly out of sight, when here comes Doc. like h—l beating tan bark, and I hollered to him to know "What's up," and he yelled something back and waved his hand. He was hardly out of sight before here comes Bob's Johnnie on Bob's gray just skinning the ground like greased lightning, and I hollered to him to know "What's up," and he yelled something back and waved his hand, and I made up my mind to come and see, and the first —— scrub that rid along and yelled back and waved his ——hand at me, that I would take a shot at him for luck ——-——." None could explain the riddle, and exhausted themselves in straights and cocktails, taken at the saloons

in rotation and at Pete's expense, till that excitable gentleman was calmed.

On returning to the Custom House, Drinky found everything prepared for the wedding. He sat on his official throne, and pondered on the extraordinary fact that no Calabazan had ever been married; and wondered if he had really strayed into a colony of monks. He was disturbed by the entrance of Boston Charlie, who wanted an attachment issued. The business settled, Boston Charlie—who was a truculent fellow—looked around at the decorations and remarked:

"You're fixed up in great shape."

"Yes," said Drinky, (and remembering Harry's injunction.)" Some of the girls going to have a birthday party to-night;" and with the same old thirst for marital information deluging his mind, he continued:

"Charlie, were you ever married?"

"Say that agin, and say it slow," said the choleric Charlie.

Drinky said it again, and slow; he had hardly finished when "Biff! Slap! Bang!" and he had one on the eye, another on the nose, and another on the jaw, from Charlie's ponderous fist; and was then taken by the collar and shaken like a terrier shakes a rat, before being thrown back into his chair limp and helpless, to listen to Charlie answer his question with abundant profanity.

"You're spying on me, are you? Yes, I'm married, and it's none of your —— business, is it? That's why you have been playing friendly is it, —— you! That's what took you to Tucson so often, is it? Yes, I'm married, and the —— —— old crow is living in Tuc-

son, and can stay there, and what are you going to do about it? Don't you meddle with my business again or I'll——." Here Boston Charlie took his leave, muttering and blaspheming every step, leaving Drinky to explain to the crowd about the row if he wanted to.

Drinky was now thoroughly demoralized. He wished for death. He sauntered to the saloon below, and after so explaining his questions of the morning to the barkeeper as to remove all suspicions concerning his sanity, took a couple of drinks on their re-cemented friendship, and fell asleep on a cracker box.

At nine o'clock P.M., Bonnie, dressed for the wedding, entered the Custom House in company with her hurdy-girl friends. Harry and his friends put in their appearance a little later. Drinky, who had sobered up by some marvellous process, known to himself only, looked quite Episcopal in the city suit, white necktie and paper collar that he had borrowed from the clerk at the store. After a few jokes, and compliments to the bride and groom had passed, the groom invited all hands to take a drink, and they adjourned to the bar underneath, the ladies going with Bonnie into the vestal chamber to gossip with her as a hurdy-girl for the last time. The men sent up beer to cheer the ladies until their return. After drinking to the groom's health, Handsome George insisted that they should go to the Golden Fleece, "and smile." The company accepted the invitation, and visited the Golden Fleece, whence—beers were again sent to the ladies. Curly Pete would feel

"AND BEER WAS SENT TO THE LADIES"

slighted if his place was not visited, so the Coliseum was called at—and more beer was sent to the ladies. Bottle Bob was a quiet man, but he could be aroused if insulted in cold blood, so the Pantheon had the call —beer was sent to the ladies. At each place the sports, not to be behind hand, also added health treats —with beer for the ladies. By the time that all of the more prominent and friendly places had been visited, some of the crowd were drunk, some half drunk, and some just jolly. Among the last was the bridegroom, Drinky being listed with the first division.

The hour being now nearly half past eleven, P. M., Harry said he thought it was about time to visit the ladies. Timely thought, it was. They left the noisy bar-room, and stepped into the street, to have their ears assailed with piercing cries, shrieks, ejaculations, and recriminations, coming from the ladies in the Custom House. Harry and the more sober, lost no time in getting to the room, and what a sight met their gaze. Poor Bonnie was standing on the table crying, some of the women had torn dresses, scratched faces, and bitten cheeks; all but Bonnie had inflamed faces and swollen eyes. Some were sitting with their backs to the wall, lolling, crying, and mumbling oaths. The curtains had been torn from the vestal chamber, the chairs were thrown about the room—some of them broken—and the green Cottonwood boughs had been pulled down and littered over the floor.

The first beer had found the ladies chatting as friendly as could be wished.

The second beer had promoted good feeling and initiated sworn confidences.

The third beer inaugurated a period of mutual humility concerning one's own personal charms and accomplishments, with exaggerated praises of the others.

The fourth beer had brought up memories of the various localities in which they had lived, and the financial comparisons consequent thereto.

The fifth beer had brought up the subject of dancing, with remarks concerning each lady's grace or skill on the floor, and whispered asides to dearest friends, that "Liz is clumsy," or "Flora vain," or "Sallie is a heavy weight in a waltz," and "Jennie is overbalanced by her feet."

The sixth beer brought on an exchange of the former asides to those most interested in not hearing them, from those that they had been whispered to, in strictest confidence, and the ladies began forming themselves into cliques.

The seventh beer revived memories of present and past "gentlemen friends." Their virtues, appearances, and fighting qualities, and ardent love for their "lady friends."

The eighth beer incited rude remarks concerning the personal deficiencies of each other, to each other, accompanied by profanity, sniffs, shruggings of shoulders, and supercilious glances from one to another.

The ninth beer caused a "perfect lady" to slap a "dirty hussy's" face, each of whom had many warm-tempered sympathizers.

The tenth beer had brought on a culmination of the personal differences, very violent, and which had caused Bonnie—who would not drink, and had been

trying to keep peace among them—to jump on the table, and out of harm's way.

The eleventh beer was tossed out of a window.

Harry and his sober friends had separated the women by the time Drinky and the remainder of the guests staggered into the room. Harry angrily sent the most noisy women away in company with the most drunken men, and the room was put in order. The quarrel among the girls had thrown a cloud over the company, and, as the wedding couple stood before the Justice awaiting the ceremony, the tear-stained face of Bonnie, and solemn one of Harry, were more befitting a funeral than a marriage feast.

Whilst the room was being cleared up, Drinky had sat upon the edge of the table suffering from the most intense alcoholic grief. The row between the ladies had brought afresh to his mind the misfortunes of the day, of the abuse by the barkeeper, of the extraordinary conduct of those from whom he had sought marital information, and of his unmerited thrashing by Boston Charlie. The more his mind dwelt upon these troubles, the greater became his sympathy for himself, until he was at length melted into bitter tears of indignation at his fateful fortunes. He looked up and saw the wedding party standing before him, and the inebriated gentleman was immediately possessed with the idea that they were angry, and watching him for no good purpose. Looking at them, and winking his eyes slowly and sleepily, he asked with much acrimony:

"What are you—hic—watching me for?"

"Aint you going to marry us?" asked Harry.

"No, I don't know how!" said Drinky in a burst of uncontrolable grief, as he slid from the table to the floor.

Bonnie restrained Harry from obliterating the refractory Justice on the instant. George and Pete lifted up the sorrow laden man, who continued:

"Bonnie and Harry, I'm your—sob—hic—friend, and I tell you this—sob—hic—marry business is no good—sob—hic. Can't you skip the town—sob—hic—just as well now as you can—sob—hic—afterwards?" —sob.

"What did you say?" yelled Harry, who could hardly believe his ears.

Bonnie seated herself, silently crying, and murmuring, "Did any poor girl ever have such a time getting married? Something will surely happen, and I just know it. For two pins I would give the whole thing up."

"I say this," said Drinky, alcoholic grief having giving way to alcoholic dignity, emphasized with "hics" (which the reader can put in,) "I asked Frank if he was married, and he chucked me out. I asked Tom, and he said for me to wait a minute, and then skipped. I asked Doc., and he skipped. I asked Johnnie, and he skipped. I asked Charlie, and he gave me a belting. He would have skipped too, only he knew just where his old crow was.

Pete and Bob held Harry that he might not dismember Drinky on the spot, and George asked:

"What did they say, Drinky?"

"Say! say nothing. Every one of them wanted to know if any passengers came on the stage."

"What did you tell them?"

"Tell them! I told them that two or three women got out and went into the Palace."

Pete and Bob drew a quick breath, cast rapid glances at each other, and dropped Harry's arm as though he had been an electric battery. George grasped Drinky by the throat and excitedly said:

"Look here, Drinky, no —— lies now, or there will be trouble. What did they look like? Describe them.

"Now, just look at that," gurgled Drinky. "I don't remember. They went off in the stage."

"O ——h," said all three, as George loosened his grasp on Drinky's wind. The three smiled at each other, and unitedly said in the most amiable tones, "Went right on, did you say, Drinky?"

"Yes," said Drinky, now alcoholically sullen.

Suddenly becoming alcoholically exasperated, he yelled:

"And if they hadn't gone on you fellows would be skipping now. You can't be married without wanting to skip."

In an instant the unfortunate Drinky was involved in a cyclonic mass of whirling arms and drapery, while, at intervals, a thunderbolt struck him on his face, cheeks, ears, or head, accompanied by a feeling as if he was held by his hair over a bottomless abyss. It was only Bonnie, who howled in his ear:

"You drunken loafer—you—you mean to say that we want to skip? Haven't I danced in Harry's house all over Arizona? Couldn't we have skipped long ago if we wanted to? You—you—take that, and that,

and that, AND THAT, AND THAT! Now, then, you stand right up here and marry us. Stand up here, Harry; come here George, Pete, and Bob; come Jennie and Dora."

The flushed cheeks and blazing eyes of the enraged beauty had a greater effect on Drinky than anything that had happened. The more so, as Bonnie was noted for her sweet disposition and unfailing good humor. Accordingly Drinky humbly said:

"But, Bonnie, I don't know how."

"Oh," goodnaturedly said George, "all you've got to do, Drinky, is to ask them if they want to marry, and then tell them they were married, and enter it on your Docket. I was married by a justice, but," hastily adding, "my wife is dead."

By a fatal coincidence, Pete had been married, and his wife had died; and Bob had been married, and his wife had died. Bonnie smiled as Drinky said:

"All right, then, Bonnie, if you want to die, I'll say the word."

"Say, Drinky, forgive me like a good fellow?" said Bonnie sweetly. "I know you didn't mean anything, but everything has gone wrong, and I was so mad. Please forgive me, Drinky; my wedding night, too."

"All right, Bonnie," answered the easily placated Drinky. "Now, do you want to marry Harry?"

"Yes, indeed I do, Drinky."

"Harry, do you want to marry Bonnie?"

"That's what I'm here for," said Harry surlily.

"All right, then, you're married, and I hope you won't skip the first time anyone asks you if you are."

Bonnie was inclined to find fault with this uncere-

monious ceremony, but, on the assurance of the witnesses that the marriage was "solid," she accepted it, and they went to the Palace Hotel, where Cum Sing had a table spread with such good cheer and abundant champagne, that the company soon became merry, and Drinky drunk again. Amidst restored cheerfulness, the party broke up in the small hours of the morning, and Harry took Bonnie to the Grand Central, her future home, while the others went their several ways.

Before retiring on the floor to rest, Drinky swore on his whole library, never to be implicated in another wedding, and, with great care and deliberation, made an entry in his Docket. Crandall, who returned the next day, convinced Harry and Bonnie that the wedding was all right. He then went to the Custom House and examined the Docket to make sure. Fortunately for Drinky, Harry did not come, for the entry that met Crandall's eyes was, that "Harry had been convicted of an assault and fined ten dollars." Drinky was hunted up, his handy knife soon erased this entry, and under the friendly instructions of Crandall a correct one was made, a certificate made out for Bonnie, and the license endorsed.

The morning after the wedding, Bob sent a courier to Johnnie, telling of the wedding and the object of Drinky's questions. The three men returned, but for some days bore a hunted, fugitive look, and started nervously at hearing a female voice. The Doctor never explained why he went to Nogales, to attend a sick child in Tubac. Johnnie was reticent as to how he expected, by going to Nogales, to help his brother in Tombstone out of a scrape, and the storekeeper

never alluded to why he so suddenly changed his mind about going to Tucson.

Nearly a month after the wedding, Charlie's "Old Crow" unexpectedly put in an appearance, and that bulldozing individual became the meekest of men, and the most attentive of husbands. He made ample apologies to Drinky, and in return for unlimited silence concerning the remarks made about the "Old Crow," tendered him unlimited refreshments.

Bonnie was a good wife, and Harry a better husband than was to be expected of a hurdy-man, and they no doubt are as happy as couples married under happier auspices.

Drinky's final caper of heading a mob against the Chinese of the town, made it prudent for him to absent himself from American jurisdiction, and take up his residence in Mexico, that land of frijoles, tortillas, and the abundant, much-loved, and untaxed Mescal.

The establishing of the new railroad town at Nogales, had seriously affected Calabazas. Business was not so brisk. Not so many strangers came in. The rattle of the faro chips was not so universally heard, and the call of "Keno!" startled the ear and caused undignified expressions to drop from the hearer. It was appalling to the Calabazans to think that if this thing kept on, the town might attain a degree of decency and quietness, and with their usual fertility of resource, they began looking around to devise some plan by which to dissipate their ennui.

With the growth of the town, some additions had been made to the Chinese brick yard colony. Their boss was a portly, dignified, gentlemanly old fellow;

a generous subscriber to the local charities, and the banker for his countrymen. To Drinky he had made loans, that he must have known would eventuate into gifts or total losses. It is doubtful if the old fellow had but a few dollars on hand, but it was rumored that he had several thousand with him. The Calabazans were modest, they could have as easily said millions, the amount cut no figure. The hope of getting five dollars would have been a sufficient incentive for the mob.

In the town, one or two wash houses had been opened, and one Foo Chong and wife, had established the "Delmonico" restaurant. The couple were tactful, polite, exquisitely neat—for Calabazas—and spoke English quite well. Mrs. Foo Chong was petite, and had a mild, gentle face, that was really so pretty, that her oblique eyes and the barbaric arrangement of her hair, could not entirely hide its pleasantness.

At this period, 1877-1882, it had become common in the Western States to attribute any business depression, failure of crops, petering out of mines, destructive earthquakes, floods, disastrous shipwrecks, idiocy, or malformed births, to Chinese competition; therefore it was perfectly natural for the Calabazans to ascribe the town's unwonted quietness to the same cause. The exasperating sobriety and pertinacious industry of these undesirable people were a standing menace to the Calabazas social fabric. Then, what could be more natural than for the citizens to think that it would be amusing and profitable to attack them, destroy their property, and incidentally confiscate their money and valuables? Of course, the avowed griev-

ance was the Chinese competition, but it would have taken a search warrant to have found out wherein the competition existed. There was not a resident of Calabazas that would have performed any of the labors given to the Chinese—or in fact any labor at all—unless persuaded to do so at the muzzle of a loaded shotgun.

A few days before the riot, the storekeeper sold out his business, for cash, at much less than its value. It was said that he intended to skip over the Line and avoid his creditors; but this was not considered as being anything amiss; to the contrary, the Calabazans looked upon it as rather a commendable course to pursue, and it being but a short distance to the Line, no one thought it strange that he hung around town instead of going away at once.

The fourth evening after the sale of the store, clusters of men were seen gathered here and there on the bottom, talking earnestly and loudly against the Chinese. These clusters gradually drifted together, the ex-storekeeper, Drinky, and a "tough" from the railroad camp, being extremely busy amongst them. As the evening wore on, the crowd became more venemous from the numerous drinks indulged in, loudly cursing the Chinese and the government; but the discussions of half drunken men were not much noticed in Calabazas.

About nine o'clock, a body of fifty men were seen marching solidly toward the Custom House, and before any one had an idea of what they intended doing, the Palace Hotel was attacked, torn down, and its furniture and crockery smashed. Up to this time

the mob had been sullen and disposed to mischief, but their native good humor was restored when Cum Sing, worthy man, came out to argue matters. When an American grabbed him by the cue and jerked his head back with a force almost sufficient to dislocate his neck, at the same time saying, in the purest English, "Hey, monkey, close yer mug or I'll gi'e yer a swipe;" and another American yelled, "Cut the haythen divil's ears off," and another American said, "Dass was," and still an other American encouraged the fun with, "Killa de damma China." The crowd just writhed with merriment, and so many participated in giving him joyous kicks in the ribs, and amusing whacks over the head, that his feeble cries of, "Wha fo' you killee me," were soon stilled, and he was left lying a most ridiculous and senseless heap of broken China, amidst the wreck of the Palace Hotel. There is a superlative sensation of bliss comes over one when he grasps a fleeing Chinaman's cue, and prepares to give him "a bat for luck." One's life has been wasted who has not experienced this great pleasure.

Hi Sing and Lo Sing fled on the wings of the wind into the darkness. How funnily they shrieked for mercy when chased, and were jocularly fired at, in hopes of tickling their lungs or livers with a bullet. It was great fun for the Calabazans.

Having squeezed, kneaded, and hammered the last particle of amusement from Cum Sing and his belongings, and at the same time incidentally squared all board due him from them, they proceeded to attack Foo Chong's restaurant. They cut his new tent into

ribbons, hilariously smashed his stove, crockery, and furniture into bits, and exhilaratingly stole everything else. Foo Chong fought like a demon to save his property and protect his wife from injury, fought preposterously like a human being, but he was beaten nearly to insensibility, and his harmless, gentle little wife was kicked and beaten almost as severely. That he might not think the joke was carried too far, they picked his pockets and tore her jewelry from her ears, head and hands.

There are some people totally devoid of all sense of humor, and of maudlin sympathies, whose stony hearts would have been moved if they could have seen this heathen couple, after recovering their senses, sitting amid the ruins of their all, bleeding (real blood like anyone else's) from their numerous wounds. The head of the innocent, maltreated wife rested on her poor husband's shoulder, while he fondled one of her small, bruised hands (just as if a person could love in Chinese!) Her once ornately decorated and plastered hair was matted with blood (genuine). In gentle, subdued words and half-suppressed sobs, she bemoaned their ruin and abuse and tried to console her husband. And then to see Foo so softly smooth and caress her hands, while he, oblivious to his own hurts, said in his "dirty lingo," "Me no ca-a fo' my money, me no ca-a fo' house, but he bleak my wife's feelins. Me bollow all him money to buy tent an buy g'lub and now me no can pay. My flen tink me logue." It was as mirth inspiring as a circus joke.

Actually this Chinaman did not have sense enough to think of skipping over the Line! Some of those

maudlin people before spoken of might actually prefer to have been one of the Chinese instead of the mob! And Mrs. Foo shedding tears, too! She puckered her face so differently from a white person! the tears squeezed out were round, pelucid, and rolled down her cheeks perfectly natural—so far so good; but they were not chemically the same as a white persons, because the Chinese eat rats, and of course that alters the whole combination. Their tears probably are more in the nature of liquified laughing gas. How the Mongolian digestive apparatus manages to extract a volatile essence of mirth, from such a phlegmatic rodent, is nature's secret, yet it must do so, for the Chinese tears—in Calabazas—seemed to exhale some subtle influence that created the most exhausting laughter, amongst those so-called Christians, that would have crucified the Saviour if the opportunity had presented itself. Of course the idea of a Chinaman having any sentiment will be laughed at, but it is a fact, nevertheless, that Foo was so affected at his loss of property, and his wife's grief, that he jumped up and down like a jack-in-the-box, swore most frightful oaths at his persecutors, told them to kill him, "Me no flaid die," and challenged any one of them to fight him—you would have almost thought him human. Fortunately the mob was too much interested in destroying other places, and stealing each other's clothing from the heathen's laundries, to pay attention to his cries, and his wife smothered many of them by putting her hands over his mouth.

Bancroft Library

The fact that they met with no resistance seemed to madden the mob. Drinky was in his glory, and was

heard yelling, "Now for the brickyard Chinese." Some of the rioters brought buckets of whisky from lower saloons to refresh those exhausted by their labors; it disappeared down their villainous throats like water, and increased their rancorous wit in proportion.

Having eliminated the few Chinese tents from the town, and chased their inmates into the darkness, or beaten them into insensibility, the mob followed their leaders to the brick yards. Here the Chinese, not knowing how to take a joke, had barricaded themselves in their sleeping house with an intent to defend their property, but when they heard the yelling and swearing of the rioters, the firing of pistols, and the drunken threats, all of them ran away but the boss and a couple of the braver Chinese, who remained to make an effort to save something. So many of the mob were under obligations to him that he thought assuredly he had some friends amongst them.

The rioters, in a minute after reaching the yard, had hammered the boss and his two companions enough to show that friendship ceased when amusement was in hand. Every nook and corner of the buildings were searched for money; for what right had a Chinaman to money when a Calabazan wanted whisky? Clothing was cut to pieces, and every article these devilish Chinese had in the world, was wantonly destroyed. Rifles and pistols were fired at random, in hopes of hitting some of the fleeing heathens, for to kill a Chinaman is a meritorious act, and insures a nomination to office; besides, they were supposed to

have carried off much valuable stuff and money; actually robbing the mob!

The work of the mob was so quickly done, that the few law abiding cranks of the town had no time to raise voice or hand to prevent it, should they have been able to do so. But by the time the rioters started for the brick yard, several "cranks" had gathered in Mitchell's tent to devise some plan for checking them; some of whom had already advocated going to the railroad camp, a short distance up the cañon, looting its store, and killing the proprietor, who was not inclined their way.

Now Mitchell was an old army man, and, having no spirit of mob adventure at all, thought it best to make a counter attack on the mob. It would increase the fun, and at the same time engage what few of the population as were not enjoying themselves with the Chinese. He soon had sixteen well armed men, who, after electing him Captain, and handsome George lieutenant, determined to face the mob. Foo Chong and a negro were volunteers; no one had suspected them of being brave! but then we are often mistaken in men. After giving Foo's wife refuge, Mitchell put out his lights, and marched his men to the store. What ammunition and fire arms he found there were taken away. The storekeeper refused to join, as he wished to remain neutral. Mitchell now marched his men at double quick to the brick yard, and made an ambush behind the remnant of a brick kiln.

The rioters were so intently occupied in looting the Chinese houses, firing at random, kicking the boss and his two companions at odd moments, and prepar-

ing to burn the Chinese sleeping house, that they had no idea that anyone else intended to join in the hilarity, until the voice of Mitchell was heard above the din, yelling at them to cease rioting and disperse, also warning them that if another shot was fired that there would be trouble. Just as he finished speaking, a merry little pistol shot was heard from the rioters. Mitchell ordered his men to aim high,—for fear of hurting a Chinaman—fire together, and then to rush on the rioters, firing their pistols from each hand. At the given word, thirty-two pistols went off as one, and the men dashed from behind their cover, yelling and firing as they ran—and there was no longer a mob—they had all, at the same moment, decided to run a foot race to the town; it wasn't cowardice, for mobs are not cowardly (?) but more to see if Chinese competition had been re-established during their absence at the brick yard. It must have been a pleasant sight to the hidden Chinese to see the mob flee, even faster than they had been made to fly.

No sooner had the rioters scattered, than the Chinese, as if by magic, emerged from their hiding places, and the just started flames of the bunk house were extinguished. The poor devils did not wait for daylight, but bundled up the few scraps of clothing lying around, and took the Tucson road, carrying their wounded boss and his beaten men. Though tears poured down their yellow cheeks, there was no sound of crying. Their silent grief would have affected silly people.

Knowing that the Chinese would not be followed, Mitchell hurried his company back to check any

attempt of the mob to sack the better class of tents. It was not necessary, the mob had dissolved. The town, if anything, was quieter than usual at this hour That one volley and charge seemed to have brought to them a proper realization of the crime they had committed, and many of the more intelligent rioters made for the boundary line at once. Mitchell and his "cranks" visited the river bottom tents, and expressed in plain terms their opinion of the mob, but they found no one to resent the remarks; no one could be found that had been engaged with the mob; all had been lookers on merely; the other fellows had been the rioters.

Calabazas courtesies not being assimilative to Chinese ideas, they abandoned the town. The Palace Hotel was rebuilt at Nogales, but it had not its former grandeur, nor flies, nor was Cum Sing such a chipper, good natured landlord. Foo Chong and his wife returned to Tucson, instead of going over the Line, and both are working in their foolish Chinese manner to earn money to repay that loaned him for his disastrous Calabazas venture.

Drinkwater, the ex-storekeeper, the "tough," and the other prominent comedians in the riot, skipped over the Line, and it is possible that in Mexico, these rioters will get at some time a taste of their own medicine. The fact that the leaders of this mob, and its most active members, were in debt to the Chinese for board, washing, and borrowed money, may account for their virtuous indignation against Chinese cheap labor; there was much method in Calabazas madness —or fun.

It is but fair to Drinky to say that, when first approached to join the mob, being sober, he utterly refused; but, after accepting the hospitalities of the delegation, in the shape of insinuating and irresistable Mescals, together with threats of personal violence, he not only joined, but, as is characteristic of converts, he was the most zealous of all. With him disappeared his Docket. If that wonderful record is still in existence, it is about as interesting and decipherable as an Egyptian hieroglyphic.

The riot put the finishing touch to the future of Calabazas. The following morning a number of apprehensive Calabazans took up their feet and journeyed to Nogales, where the boundary line runs through the center of the main street. It was saddening to see the aristocracy of the town brought so low as to gamble with each other, or play the doleful and unprofitable game of solitaire. The third day after the riot, the prominent citizens could no longer stand the peacefulness of the town. The Pantheon, Coliseum, Golden Fleece, and Big Casino were rolled up and piled on wagons, with their chairs, tables, gambling paraphernalia, and bars, and the procession solemnly wended its way to Nogales, that dragon on the Line, that had swallowed up their friends and patrons, who now, in moments of safety, can step over the Line, and, free from care or anxiety, shuffle the nimble poker chip, or add a notch to their pistol hilt, and more blood to their record.

Of Calabazas, the name only remains. Where is Handsome George, Curly Pete, or Bottle Bob, and Casino Harry, the leaders of fashion and arbiters

of that burg? Where is Drinkwater, the Judge and Custom Officer? Where is Crandall, the good-natured and generous? Where the Calabazas Baby and Widow? the hurdy-girls? the terrified Kid and the energetic Preacher? the "Bad men"? the vigilant Constable, and all that went to make that town lively?

If living, they are no doubt in just such another town, undergoing such other experiences and dangers, for their life could not be lived in a less reckless or a quieter place. Their changing moods and generous acts, their impulsive sympathy, their cold-blooded nerve, bloodthirsty quickness, profanity, dissipation, and horse-play, remain as a memory only, to those that natural depravity, or a desire for profit, caused to be a part of their community. It may be that an old-timer, visiting the deserted site of the once lively town, can hear the ghostly yells of the mob, the sounds of ghostly music, swearing and dancing from the hurdy-houses, or the whistling of ghostly bullets through the blistering air.

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